THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. No. 16.

FAVORS.

BY PAULINE K. PILKINGTON FILER.

Oh, my beauties, springtime beauties,
Crocuses so blue!
Budding 'neath the melting snow,
Blooming where the north winds blow
Waxen petals through;
Will you drop your hue of skies
Azure deep into my eyes,
Crocuses so blue?

Oh, my loves, my summer darlings,
Roses rare and red;
Budding, blooming, bending, blushing,
Stately now, and now cheek-flushing,
Swaying overhead;
Will you kiss me on my cheek,
Press my lips? Oh, will you? Speak!
Roses rare and red.

Oh, my love, my autumn loved one,
Pearly lily-white,
Bending in the south wind sighing,
Watching while the fall is dying
In the silent night;
Will you let your pureness roll
From your chalice to my soul,
Pearly lily-white?

Oh, my loves, my winter darlings,
Snowflakes pure and light;
Falling, flitting, floating, flying,
On the frozen cornfields lying,
Autumn's cerements white;
Will you make my soul so pure
Stains will fade for evermore,
Snowflakes pure and light?

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER I.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

"O-n-e! T-w-o! T-h-r-e-e! F-o-u-r! F-i-v-e! S-i-x! S-e-v-e-n! E-i-g-h-t!"

Thus spoke the great monitor of the flight of time, from the belfry in the heart of A——, as it tolled the hour of the morning, on the 12th day of October in the year of our Lord 18—.

"O-n-e! T-w-o! T-h-r-e-e! F-o-u-r! F-i-v-e! S-i-x! S-e-v-e-n! E-i-g-h-t! ! ! !" echoed the brazen tongues of a dozen bells—city and suburban—ringing out in a great, almost simultaneous clash on the still, humid atmosphere; in which, despite the hoarse grinding of the mighty machine of metropolitan life, every footfall echoed with a treble distinctness; every rattling car assumed the thunders of an Alpine avalanche. Ah, God save the bells, when—

"Every sound that floats,
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan,"

clashing, moaning, sobbing, roaring like a band of dying Stentors, pouring out the length and breadth and depth of their power in a sound; screaming defiantly in the ears of the half-waking Sybarite, or the absorbed pleasure-seeker—"One more span in the linear measure of your brief life is clotted off," as though, in very deed they felt a spiteful glory in so rolling

"On the human heart a stone."

"O-n-e! T-w-o! T-h-r-e-e! F-o-u-r! F-i-v-e! S-i-x! S-e-v-e-n! E-i-g-h-t! N-i-n-e! T-e-n! E-l-e-v-e-n! T-w-e-l-v-e! T-h-i-r-t-e-e-n! F-o-u-r-t-e-e-n!" sang out the big bell from the tower of St. Paul's church, in a strain too protracted and monotonous to be interesting from the mere enumeration; but a touch more melodious perhaps, when conveying the intelligence that the ceremony of marriage was about to be performed in the sacred edifice.

The church-warden himself seemed to catch the inspiration of the occasion; for he grasped the pulleys of the steeple-chase with a nervous power, not always displayed in the normal service, and rang forth a clangor, stormy enough to awaken the bride, should she still be asleep in her maiden chamber, almost in any quarter of the city, proclaiming that the hour of eight, the hour for the ceremony, had arrived.

This done, "Othello's occupation" for the time at least appeared gone. The sexton yawned, stretched himself, and beat a tattoo upon the railing in front of him. After waiting awhile, however, he gave the bell-wires another series of jerks that threw the noisy creature into a fair tempest of passion, and finally lounged into the galleries to watch the slow gathering of the parties; evidently imagining that he had ample time for any little by-play, as no one ever yet expected a wedding ceremony precisely at the hour specified.

So completely had this idea taken possession of him that he started with positive surprise on beholding the figure of a young man just before him in the gallery. He glanced quickly down, under a vague impression that he had been dreaming, and that the body of the church must already be full of spectators.

Recovering himself however on seeing the long aisles still vacant, he turned his eyes upon the stranger, as though regarding him in the suspicious light of an unbidden and, perhaps, undesired intruder.

"The church is still empty, sir. If you will go below, you can obtain a seat near the altar, where the bridal party can be distinctly seen. There will be a great crowd in a few moments now."

"Aye, true! 'The bridal party.' I had been thinking it was a funeral," muttered the stranger, passing his hand hurriedly over his brow.

"Bless you, no," answered the other, with the characteristic loquacity of a sexton—"there is more life in one wedding, than in a dozen funerals. And this wedding, sir! Why the banns have been read out Sunday after Sunday. Yet people will never cease to wonder at the marvellous good fortune of a young girl with nothing but her pretty looks and her winning ways, marrying the great millionaire that all the grand ladies have been dying after, so long."

"The people are great fools, my good friend. What is there, from poor little human hearts, the trashiest and most insecure of earthly possessions, to the highest honors of church or state, that is not at the bidding of gold?"

"You are too young a man to have thoughts like that," said the worthy sexton, positively shocked. "God forbid I should hint that fair Florence Eglinston has been so possessed by the devil, as to sell her fine accomplishments and her winsome face to Carroll Tressylian without her heart. He is not an old man yet, sir, by many a year; and with the brains they say he has, his name would have been a fortune in itself. Why should she not love him?"

"Ah, why indeed!" said the other, with a strange smile. "But the church is rapidly filling, worthy man; and I shall remain up here."

"I too, sir. I thought you might be a friend, and so wish to give your congratulations to the new couple. If you'll come up to the other end, sir, over the chancel, you can get a better view."

The stranger followed him with a look that might have indicated a preference for being alone; but as the old man turned to retire a few paces, the other motioned him, with a wave of the hand, that seemed like a command, to the seat pointed out to himself; and quickly sinking into the one immediately behind him, rested his hand upon his shoulder, with a whispered "I prefer it so," that must have settled the question, in spite of any demur the inferior party might have been disposed to offer. When, at that moment, the hush of expectation reached its climax; and all eyes were directed toward the central aisle.

There was before the face of the old sexton, an indistinct vision of a lithe figure, clad in an imperial train of white satin—a face whose radiant lovelliness could be discerned even by his dimmed vision, diademed with its queenly crown of golden tresses, with the misty veil depending; leaning upon the arm of a tall, manly form, that consorted not ill with her matchless grace.

The stranger, leaning forward, took in the whole scene at a glance—making the old sexton feel uncomfortable, as he noted the unusual light that burned with consuming intensity in his eyes—the strange pallor that rested like the shadow of death upon his face.

"Diseased!" muttered the old man. "*He'll* need the services of the church soon; and it will be at a funeral this time, sure. God rest his spirit; for the evil one is in that eye yet."

But the young man still looked fixedly down, where the bride and groom, kneeling at the rail of the altar, were murmuring the vows of the service.

"I can't see her from this distance," muttered the sexton, querulously, upon whom, in spite of every effort to dispel it, a disagreeable impression had been gradually stealing. "I have watched her pretty face many a day, when the younger men were all dying for a glance from her bright eyes, as she'd trip into church and run lightly up to her place in the choir. She'd scarcely give them a passing notice; but she always had a kind word for the old sexton. And her voice! what a voice! You never heard her, I suppose, sir, but if you had, you'd forget your own name sooner. I think I hear it ringing through the old dome now. Your eyes are younger than mine, sir. Will you be kind enough to look and tell me if her countenance beams with joyous light as of old—if her lips wear the same sunny smile? I pray God she loves him with the fervor of her glad, young heart."

"Old man, you prate like a schoolboy. Has the fatal spell of her wicked, wayward beauty galvanized even your slumbering pulses into such a semblance of young life? Thank God that you do see dimly—that the tidal rush of youth's fever had all ebbed away ere *she* crossed your path. You ask me for her picture. Your fair saint's brow is as serene as that of the marble virgin in the cathedral across the street."

"Thank God it is so!" exclaimed the old man, vehemently. "I knew she must love him. But tell me once more, looks she down blushingly, as though afraid to meet his glance?"

"As blushing as the rose, as modest as the drooping violet. Yet there is uppermost in her thoughts but a consciousness of the clever trick she has played upon her friends in outwitting all their calculations."

"Holy St. Francis!" exclaimed the bellringer. "He is assuredly possessed of a devil. Listen, sir, to the pious exhortation from the lips of the worthy Doctor Cushing."

The words of the worthy divine, with the responses of the kneeling couple, arose more clearly as the service approached its conclusion, and the ears of all were listening for the accustomed formula of benison.

"Aye! By St. Goar, of Treves! they are man and wife now!" exclaimed Pat, "in spite of all your jargon."

He did not look to see the effect of his words, as the stranger's head was bowed upon the railing in front of him. The humble but zealous advocate of the fair bride walked slowly down the length of the gallery, never looking back until the last vestige of her long train had swept out at the door, and the body of the church was once more empty.

"Now, sir, you can go on before, while I close up."

He waited a moment to see the form of his unknown companion pass down in advance of him. Waiting in vain, he turned back, and beheld the figure of the man reclining where he had left him, evidently unmindful of the fact that they were again alone.

"Now, by the horns of the altar, this must be a madman, or else," and he shivered a little, "it is the spirit of the Evil One, sent to tempt me. I am going to close the church, sir. Can you go?"

He had reached the stranger's side, and the query was propounded rather timidly, while he touched him lightly on the shoulder. Receiving no answer, he leaned over, and the dead whiteness of the young man's face, more dead than ever, for the eyes were closed—sent a new chill of fear to his heart.

"I must call back Dr. Cushing from the sacristy," he said, with a face almost as pale as the one he had left. "I say, father, good father, or *doctor* Cushing," he called out with increasing terror as he neared the chancel; "the devil is let loose in St. Paul's."

The grave face of the learned divine appeared for a moment in the door of the vestry, when, still clad in priestly robes, he returned into the body of the church, evidently not in the best of humors at being thus unexpectedly disturbed.

"How now, Patrick Flannagan," he exclaimed, sternly, "that you dare select the temple of God for such unseemly noise?"

"Oh, your holiness—your eminence—your excellence, father, *doctor* I mean, the devil has come into the galleries, and will not be driven out, first muttering profanities and then feigning to be dead. Come, good Dr. Cushing. Come away."

"Good beast, good ass, good fool, I will not," said the distinguished divine, more warmly than was his custom. "Tell me instantly what you are babbling about?"

"He is half-reclining on a bench, good sir, in the form of a man, but with the whiteness of a ghost," returned Pat, somewhat reassured by the intrepidity of the pastoral head.

"Aye, in the *form* of a man!" repeated the divine, sternly, "but with a soul not above the brutes. Some drunken, mocking reveller from the haunts of sin, fallen asleep in the house of God. Let me behold!"

He had ascended the steps with angry strides, anxious to behold so daring a delinquent, when he found himself too soon face to face with a young man, upon whom he had cast but a single glance, when he colored and bowed, rather in the form of an apology than a rebuke.

"Mr. Templeton, I had no idea *you* were here! I fear you have been ill?"

"A passing syncope, doctor, unusual, or I should not have ventured here. It is true Mr. Tressylian thought me sick at my lodgings."

The young man lifted his hat again, bowed coldly, and descending the steps with the tread of a man but little accustomed to solicit aid from any earthly source, entered the only remaining cab at the door.

"The bride have breakfasted by this and gone, sir. Will you go straight to the train?" asked the driver.

"No. I have no business there. To my office, No. 113 Bank street," he answered, briefly, and the solitary vehicle rattled over the stony street in the direction indicated.

"Why are the fates subservient to my behests in all things else?" he murmured, with a hoarse despair. "The forum is henceforth air, action, life to me. The Lares and Penates must be rudely toppled from their pedestals. No matter, I shall help to trample these false gods in the dust henceforth. I am an Iconoclast from today. A man whose only mistress is Ambition—a pilgrim whose only goal is Fame, both the instruments of an imperious purpose, and woe to that man whose hand shall withstand me! Woe to the weak and fainting that shall cry to *me* for mercy! Henceforth Earle Templeton shall know neither love nor compassion! Love! it is the one countersign of all the weak fools on earth; and, mark me, I shall grow strong!"

RALPH THORNTON AND THE STRANGE WOMAN.

"IN PARIS, WITH A YOUNG WIFE, SPENDIN' LOTS UPON LOTS OF PRECIOUS MONEY, WHILE I'M STARVIN'!" CRIED THE WOMAN, WITH A HOARSE BURST OF DESPAIR. "WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO A WIFE, WHEN I'M TO BE TOOK CARE OF?"

CHAPTER II.

RALPH THORNTON.

A quieter place than Coldham for the theatre of a great tragedy could scarcely be imagined, and yet to Coldham I must transport my readers for the unfolding of the painful story before me.

A demi-village of itself, about two and a half miles out on the road from A——. And yet with such an air of rustic quiet about it that Cicero might have selected it, had it lain in another quarter of the globe, for the scene of his great literary pursuits, and adorned it with his millions of money. A Catinat or a Charles V., wearied with the intrigues of a Court, might have found a peace and repose among its shades which they had vainly sought in the great world.

Perhaps some such thoughts as these may have influenced Carroll Tressylian, many years back, in making Coldham his home; we cannot tell; but if so, he had the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet.

There were white cottages winking through the yet green foliage here and there, and a carpet of yet green velvety moss beneath the shady grove and by the river's side, though these were autumn days, almost weird in their soft witchery, very

"Stragglers from the files of June."

You might have fancied it, with all its advantages of nature, an unpretending place enough, as you strolled over the sparsely settled hamlet. It is true there were any number of laborers among the ripening corn on the hills that spread away almost illimitably, but the women and children about these cottages had the pleasing yet unmistakable stamp of thrifty mediocrity about them.

On an eminence just away from the river, however, that here seemed to curvet into a thousand meanderings, embowered in the centre of a park of century oaks, stood the main dwelling—a dwelling handsome enough, if architects and upholsterers had ever smiled upon a work of art, for Cicero or Charles V., or any other of the great men that have ever lived, wherein to pass their threescore years and ten.

There were lofty gables and turrets almost above the oak tops, bay windows here, and unbroken granite walls beyond, that might induce you to pause in mute speculation over the capacities of this dwelling, wondering if the capricious owner might not have stopped a first-class hotel half-way in its construction, and completed it into a splendid structure for a family numerically equal to that of Latona.

Nevertheless the windows of this establishment were thrown open, and the sound of hammers, rat-tat! rat-tat! in quick succession broke the stillness of the outside atmosphere, as a young man lifted the latch of the iron gate that swung back at his touch, and passed up the walk, paved with alternate squares of Egyptian and Parian marble.

This young man was, by name, Ralph Thornton.

There was little else to tell. He had little or no pedigree, and, perhaps, in the eyes of our haughty aristocrats, a little less than no station, being a sort of second-hand manager or agent for Mr. Carroll Tressylian, the wealthy owner of the great house before him; and yet the haughtiest of the visitors who ever crossed that door would scarcely have passed this young man without a second look at his bright, cheerful face, and well-knit, active form.

Ralph Thornton was something above five feet ten inches in height. He was dressed like any other young gentleman in the ordinary pursuits of life. He wore a dark, corded coat, dark vest and light-gray pants, with a stripe *a la* militaire down the sides; and as he took off his light round hat, with its clustering curls of a hue between brown and black, presented an outline that would have riveted a painter's eye. His features, though good, were of no decided cast; but the ever varying expression of his countenance lent to them a charm, a happy, joyous charm, which the wearied worldling or the misanthropist would have envied to the last degree, though they might have sneered at it as "boyish" in the extreme. In his full gray eyes there was neither look of sadness nor mistrust, and yet soft shadows were coming and going in them, the mute reflections of tender heart images to which the soul had as yet offered an unsullied devotion.

There was no look of wonder or of awe as he passed under the frowning arch, and laying his hat upon a matchless *etegère*, moved with a quick, ringing tread over the tesselated floor of the long hall. The pictures of dead and gone Tressylians looked coldly down at him in powdered hair and diamonds and stately velvet robes from their niches in the walls, more ghostly and dead looking than ever, through the gauze hangings now suspended over them; but the young man's native ease did not desert him as he passed up the broad oaken stairway, through a corridor in which some men were nailing down carpeting of white and crimson velvet, of such thickness that Ralph Thornton fancied "all the king's horses and all the king's men" might pass over it without awakening an echo.

"Where is the superintendent, Mr. Orderly?" he asked, in a cheery, ringing tone.

"In one of the rooms on the left, sir," replied one of the men, respectfully.

Ralph Thornton opened the massive mahogany door nearest to him and looked in.

"Ah, Mr. Orderly, I am glad to find you," said Ralph, going across to where a corpulent man in eye glasses, with a look that Mr. Turveydrop might have envied, stood directing another squad of able-bodied underlings in hanging the heavy mirrored doors of French plate-glass to a wardrobe that could have held all the dresses of Queen Elizabeth. "I have a message from Mr. Tressylian."

"Lord help us! but I hope he's not coming sooner than he intended," cried Mr. Orderly, surveying the heaps of unarranged furniture with a look of dismay.

"No," answered Philip, with a smile that he could not altogether repress lurking in the corners of his brown mustache, "they are still in Paris, and will not be at home for the next two weeks. But you have all the work you have done to go over again. He has shown Mrs. Tressylian a plan of the house, and she prefers her chamber and dressing-room in the right wing, on the first floor; so the furniture designed for those rooms is to be moved down there, and any other set you may select put here."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Orderly, a little in anger, "my lady grows whimsical. Always the case when a gentleman takes for his wife a person whose parents had scarce a dollar to bless themselves with. Who ever heard of a bride that knew anything about style, selecting a chamber on the first floor? I should have made these rooms here fit for a queen."

"I would advise you to be cautious how you speak, if you expect to retain the patronage of this house, Mr. Orderly," said Ralph, with a grave face. "Mr. Tressylian has made her a queen, and he will require the world—but especially his servants and retainers, some of whom may be within hearing—to receive her as such. The furniture is to be changed, as I say, and *Mr.* Tressylian further requests that you suffer your carpets to remain up here, but that you send to his commission merchants, Karle & Grobe, for the rolls he has dispatched from a house in Paris, to be used in Mrs. Tressylian's apartments, and in the lower rooms."

"And why was that?" cried the upholsterer, still in anger. "I have nothing to do with it, if Mrs. Tressylian should select the kitchen, or one of the out-houses, for her chamber. But my carpets, sir—I will tell you, or Mr. Tressylian himself—are as handsome as any in Paris. The looms of Genoa or Constantinople never wove better."

"You may discuss their relative merits with Mr. Tressylian, then," said Ralph Thornton. "My part of the transaction is over; I have delivered his orders, and it only remains for you to execute them or not, as you think proper."

And the young man turned on his heel, and descended again to the first floor—turning, as he did so, to saunter through the long suite of rooms that here lay hushed in their regal splendor, with the mellow sunlight streaming across them.

He turned his eyes in a mute, undemonstrative admiration, from the dazzling furniture to the octagonal walls, and began curiously to study the Dutch tiles. There were scenes and representations here, that had no especial significance for the beholder, as he had never been favored with a classical education—scenes, many of them, from a far-back heathenism. Actæon and his dogs starting the timid deer, or chasing the flying hare, might have been the hunter of yesterday in the fields, for aught he knew; and Cupid, joining the sport, was coupled with no higher, or more distant association, in his mind; yet he gazed on each and all with a freshness that had something even more charming about it, than anything in a by-gone mythical lore.

"How strangely fate has decreed such things!" muttered the young man, in a tone that had, however, no ring of envy about it. "And what a veritable Alps of that great barrier called 'social distinction,' will rise up between Mrs. Tressylian, who will queen it here, and Mrs. Thornton that is to be, in her unpretending cottage but a few hundred yards off. And yet, my darling Mary, would we be happier here than we shall be in our humble home? Or is Mrs. Tressylian, fairer, gentler, or more lovable than you are?"

Lost in such speculations, he stood gazing about him, until the rapidly sinking sun warned him that the day was declining, and the house must soon be closed for the night. Then he turned and retraced his way out into the hall, and down the tesselated walk.

Still absorbed in his own thoughts he had repassed the gate, and turned down the main highway, leading home, when he saw an old woman staggering along the

road toward him. A sentiment of compassion was stirring in his warm heart, when the woman lifted her head, and he caught sight of her face.

"My God!" cried Ralph Thornton, aghast, "is it—can it be *you?*"

"Aye, why not?" said the woman with a horrible leer, like a person half inebriated. "Haven't I a right to be here?"

"No!" exclaimed the young man. "No right under Heaven. You promised that you would not come again."

"Ah, a promise is well enough for folk that can afford to stand by them," whined the terrible looking creature. "But what would *you* do if a pisin minx had stolen your last dollar, and you had no other way of getting one to buy you a crumb of bread, or jest a drop of spirits, when the rheumatis was so awful bad as to be almost taking the breath out of yer old body?"

"If I were such as you, I would pray God to take whatever of consciousness was left from so vile a carcass without delay," said Ralph Thornton, with an involuntary shudder of disgust. "What do you want now, Mrs. West?"

"Hush!" she whispered, eagerly. "I was suspected under that name, and I am Mrs *North* now, or as I should like it as opposite as possible, it might be Mrs. East. But I call myself North, a-thinkin' of the cold weather that's a comin'.

"Then, Mrs. North," said Ralph, sternly, "tell me quickly what it is you wish, though I might readily guess from the past."

"Yes, *that* is it," she answered, with a chuckle. "You are *his* young man, I think?"

"Yes," replied Ralph. "Go on."

"I'm goin' on. Where is *he?*"

"Mr. Tressylian is in Paris," answered Ralph, angrily. "Woman, have you no gratitude for his long forbearance, when he believes, as I do, on my soul, that you are a wicked impostor? He is there with a young and beautiful wife, whom he would see in her coffin before he would suffer *you* to cross her path. You can never see him."

"In Paris, with a young wife, spendin' lots upon lots of precious money, while *I'm* starvin'!" cried the woman, with a hoarse sort of despair. "What right has he to a wife, when I'm to be took care of?"

"He might take care of both, though *you* don't deserve it, if you were not bent upon ruining him," said Ralph, shortly. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. North, if I were in his place, I'd have you put in an almshouse, or a lunatic asylum—by heavens I would!"

"*He* knows better!" she cried. "I *dare* him to do it. Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Ralph.

"Do you have no curiosity to know?"

"No. If Mr. Tressylian had wished me informed, he would have told me. I will hear nothing from *you*. You promised never to darken the sky or pollute the atmosphere of Coldham again. Yet you are here. You see there is no truth in you."

"I was bound to have money, and what could I do, Master Thornton?"

"Send some one—any one else."

"And have them steal it? as the woman at whose house I was took sick did the other. No. I have come to git it in these hands once more."

"But he is away, I tell you."

"I won't be turned back: I won't be sassed by a chit like you," she cried, angrily. "If he's not here, where's t'other one?"

"I don't understand you."

"You do. Where's the Templeton, as they call him."

"Mr. Earle Templeton is but Mr. Tressylian's young partner at law in the city," answered Ralph. "He never comes out here."

"And I can't go there. I dare not go there, to *him*," she wailed. "Besides, he's got none of the fortin'. I tell you what it is, young man, I must have a ten p'un' note this night, afore I take the train. I *will* have it, or I walks into yonder fine house, and all the horses in the country shouldn't pull me out until I starts up face to face to demand it of him afore his fine wife. Do you hear? I swear tew it. I'll do it."

"You are desperate enough for anything, I believe," said Ralph. "A woman of your age has come to a pretty pass, when she hasn't a friend but would steal the silver from her very eyes, if they were being shut in death."

"They are all so," cried the woman. "The world is made up of rogues and liars. You'll find it so, young man, if you live to be as old as I am."

"I trust God to take me away in my youth, then," said Ralph, fervently. "But I have not time to discuss the frailties or perfections of human nature. I hope to win Mr. Tressylian's approbation, as I have the desire to do so. You came for ten pounds. Suppose I should take the liberty of letting you have it, would you go away? and how long would it last you?"

"I shall go away, yes," she cried, "because I cannot stay in any one place long. And the money will last me a month."

"And you will not *come* back?"

"See here. I'll not come back if you or *him'll* fetch more to me at the end uv that time. When'll he and his fine lady be back?"

"In two weeks from to-day."

"Then you'll give him a message?"

"Yes."

"Straight as if 'twas writ?"

"Yes."

"Tell him this ten pun' note'll last me twenty-eight days, no more nor no less, and at the end of them twenty-eight days I must have ten more, paid down reg'lar, month by month. That's little enough, ben't it?

"It is more than enough, when you don't deserve a penny," said Ralph, shortly.

"Are you to judge what I deserve, you young whippersnapper?" she screamed, angrily. "Hold your tongue."

"I *was* a fool," said Ralph. "Go on."

"Then tell him I'm up to Lunnon. He 'll find me at 319 Baker's street, No. 40 on the fourth story. You or him or any one is to bring the money. You are to knock at the door and ask for Mrs. North. If I'm not there I'm dead, or took where no money won't be asked from nobody to support me. I shall look for it on the twenty-eighth. Ef it comes reg'lar, I swear I'll never show my face in Coldham again. Does you or him thinks I likes tew come here? If the money's not there by the twenty ninth day, I'm back in Coldham. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Ralph. "Yes, I will tell him, and you may rest satisfied the money will be there. I have a little of Mr. Tressylian's money fortunately about me. Here is the ten pounds. Who has seen you here?"

"No one to know me even as Mrs. North but Mrs. Wilkins, the bricklayer's wife, down yonder."

"And when do you go away?"

"In half an hour, by the first down train."

"Good. There is the money. You had better secure it, and make for the station at once."

"Never you fear; but be sure to deliver my message. I'll be there, rot your eyes if I ain't." And turning more briskly off, the woman was soon lost to sight.

Ralph Thornton paused on the next eminence, and looked back at the house he had left.

The lengthening shadows of the great oaks stretched athwart the field to his right, and their branches waving to and fro in the brisk breeze that had sprung up, seemed to his quickened fancy like the arms of a huge race of giants, tossed toward Heaven in a wild despair.

"Do they menace the home of the new Mrs. Tressylian or of *him?*" mused Ralph. "With the shadows I know of *there*, I would not give my mother's poor cottage for his great house with all its splendors."

And Ralph Thornton moved on, contented with his own humble lot.

How many of us in this world could say the same of our own poor fevered hearts, I wonder?

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROW.

While Ralph Thornton stood beneath the frescoed walls of the master of Coldham, the door of his mother's cottage opened, and a young lady came out.

There was something about this house that seemed to tell one intuitively the hearts of its inmates were neither vain nor light, no matter how their purses might be. Native refinement spoke everywhere. The floor of the little passage, destitute of carpet or matting, was as white as a great deal of scrubbing, and soap, and water could make it. The scant furniture, artistically arranged, had a look of inviting comfort. The walls were beautifully white inside and out. The green blinds were dusted every day. Baskets of moss swung in the windows and porch; perfect little bijous, though the flowers *would* fade under the chilling breath of autumn; and vines that had not yet lost their verdure, clambered wherever taste would allow. An imaginative young man would have thought—the very spot for a pure, pretty girl.

And here she was.

A fresh, winsome, joyous face. You would have known her at a glance for Ralph Thornton's sister, though she was taller for her sex, and had darker hair and eyes, and fairer complexion than he: yet the hair rippled in curls like his; the full, sensible, meditative eyes had the same expression, and the lights and shadows chasing each other in their shining depths, told unmistakably of kindred tastes and sympathies.

She passed out at the gate with a light, elastic tread—so light that had harebells or violets still blossomed at her feet, you would hardly have expected to see them crushed, though, as I have said, the girl was a fraction or so above the ordinary height; and a glance at her superb figure would be sufficient evidence, that, in actual avoirdupois, she was no fairy, whatever she might appear to the eyes of fancy.

There was a look of ease and even of style about her, too, that might not have accorded ill with the stately splendors of the Tressylian mansion, and that gave to her dress of light gray stuff an appearance for which many women of fashion would have exchanged their costliest of Antwerp silks.

But Lilian Thornton's greatest charm was her entire unconsciousness of her own personal attractions. Village swains passed and stared at her; but so lost in her own thoughts was she that she scarcely seemed to see them at all; or if so, they appeared as a shadow between her and the setting sun, and were gone again in a moment. She walked briskly on, gazing afar off at the gorgeous drapery of clouds in the west, thinking only how pretty and becoming a dress would be of this or that color, and if the beautiful Mrs. Tressylian that was coming, would not have some of just such shades. Then she fell—a practice in which older and wiser heads, I ween, have indulged—to tracing fancied resemblances, in the jagged outlines of those clouds to human or monster shapes. In her absorption she was likewise unmindful of the fact that she was exciting the anger of a dangerous enemy in the pasture to her left.

Amongst the herd of cattle grazing here, a powerful bull had turned from the grass, and stood looking angrily at the mantle of scarlet flannel which Miss Lilian Thornton wore most conspicuously about her finely-shaped shoulders; when that young lady chancing to glance around, behold this object of terror viewing her with evident disfavor, she gasped for breath, turned, and ingloriously fled.

Her bovine admirer encouraged by her precipitate retreat pawed the earth, reared upon his fore feet, and with a prolonged bellow, started in pursuit.

Lilian's terror caused her to scud over the field like a frightened hare. There was a house about fifty yards ahead, and she had presence of mind enough to make straight for this refuge. The enraged animal was so close upon her, however, that she was about to sink down, and give herself up for lost, when seeing that the front gate stood mercifully open, she made one more powerful exertion, fled through it, as the creature's terrible horns were within a few feet of her, and sprang up the steps. As she did so, a gentleman opened the door.

"Lilian!—Miss Thornton," he exclaimed, in astonishment, "what has happened?"

Had the whole settlement been massacred, he must have remained in ignorance for the present, so far as she was concerned. She reached out her hands with a piteous cry.

"Oh! Mr. Hartman—that horrid—" and fell fainting in his arms.

The man held her for a moment in bewilderment, looked down into the pretty pale face upon his bosom, half questioningly; and then a wild look of joy flashed into his dark eyes. "I *must* take her into the house," he muttered. "And then, Miss Lilian Thornton, I will owe a debt to fortune I would have given half my life to have incurred."

He lifted her softly through the door, laid her unconscious form upon a lounge that stood near, stooped and kissed her lips once, twice, thrice, and stepping back to the front door, closed and locked it. Then, leaving her where she was, he went on to a little porch at the rear of the house, and called softly—

"Tom!"

A smart boy came quickly from an outhouse, and stood before him.

"Tom, step over into the next yard and call young Mr. Williams to the door. Tell him not to come over just yet; indeed, not until I send for him. I have a lady visitor."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is the cook, Tom?"

"In her room, sir."

"Send her to me, and then go as quickly as you can."

The man walked quickly back, and drawing a chair beside the girl, took her hand, and felt her pulse.

"She is recovering," he muttered. "But to have it whispered about that she has been here is all I ask. Let us see if she can afford to be so disdainful after this. My God! to think that with all the women in the world, I should make myself such a fool over this pink-and-white doll-baby, when she cares not the snap of her finger how soon I leave her, or whether I ever return again. But I *love* her!—love her as I have never done the bedecked and painted belles of fashionable life; and I have *sworn* to win her. So let the man who, in these days of popular mistrust, when the boy in his teens is taught to shrug the shoulder at female virtue, has the foolhardiness to brave the breath of scandal, dare to oppose me! We will see who wins. Williams is both jealous and spiteful. And leave here when you will, my lady, he will be on the look-out, and will see you."

"What do you wish, sir?"

The cook had entered unobserved, and stood looking disdainfully down at the still recumbent girl.

"Mrs. Hays, this young lady fell fainting at my door, and I have brought her in to administer restoratives. Please bring me speedily a bottle of wine and a glass, and if she should not be well enough to leave at once, I must send for her mother or brother. I know them all very well."

"Very well, I daresay," muttered the cook as she turned away to execute his command. "The brazen thing, to come *here* to his very house, and me a respectable woman. If *that's* to happen, I'm a lookin' for another home."

In the meantime Lewis Hartman sat gazing at the girl before him with a wicked expression of triumph in his naturally fierce black eyes. He had seen and resented the indifference, if not annoyance, with which this village coquette had received his attentions. And *he* had been, even in large cities, the curled darling of a fashionable coterie! Curls, indeed, black as midnight, clustered over his small head; a black mustache curved back, almost to the ears, from his upper lip, and fortunately concealed the sardonic grin that too often revealed his painfully white teeth. Whiskers depended, too, from his chin, hiding the contour of the lower jaw. But his cheeks had a bright rose hue that women often envied, and if the skin of his face was drawn a little too tightly across the high eagle nose and narrow, receding forehead, it was as white as ever a woman's need be.

These with a good figure, a uniformly neat and handsome attire, and sprightly, vivacious manners, very like a Frenchman's, were the outward advantages of Mr. Lewis Hartman.

Having thus introduced him, we will return to Lilian Thornton, who now opened her eyes and looked for a moment quite vacantly about her.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Hartman, fervently, as he now knelt beside her. "Thank Heaven that you are conscious, and can tell me what has happened."

He had taken one of her little hands within his own, and was chafing it quite vigorously. Perhaps the action, with the sight of his face in such close proximity to her own, recalled her more speedily than might otherwise have happened to an imperfect consciousness of her surroundings.

"Where am I?" she cried, as she endeavored to spring to her feet, but she was still giddy, for she reeled and must have fallen again had he not caught her and placed her gently in an arm chair.

"Here, Miss Thornton, drink just a mouthful from this glass, and I will tell you; you see you are unable to move yet. Something must have terrified you, for you had just entered out of breath, and fell fainting at the door as I opened it to go out. You will remember if anything had happened at home. Ralph is well, I hope. Were you coming for me?"

"No," answered Lilian, as her bosom heaved and the color again returned to her cheeks. "I recall it all now. I was chased by a furious bull, which would have gored me to death, had not the gate been fortunately open, for I felt his hot breath upon my face as I sprang up the steps. Whose house is this into which I have intruded so strangely?"

"It is mine," answered Hartman, tenderly.

"*Yours*, Mr. Hartman?" she exclaimed, hurriedly, and with a rosy blush. "You must have thought me insane. But I am quite well now and must go, indeed I must."

"You are scarcely able to walk, Miss Lilian," he answered, with a motion as though he would detain her. "Pray be composed. My servant, a good, motherly soul, is within call. She will stay with you. Let me then go for Ralph, or at least get my carriage and take you down."

"Mr. Hartman," she cried, "do you suppose a little fright could deprive a woman of my constitution of all her strength for any length of time? I am ashamed of myself as it is, and must go this instant. Come, sir, I will show you that I am able to walk."

"Your word is law," he replied, softly. "But you will at least let me go with you to prevent a second chase, if you do not need assistance. Dare I ask you to wait while I get my hat?"

He had taken it purposely into another room.

When he came out Miss Thornton had already opened the door, but as her head seemed still confused, she waited for him to assist her down the steps.

"Ah! this air will soon restore me," she said, with a little smile as the gate closed on her, and she took his arm. "Wouldn't mother and darling Ralph have been frightened for me?"

"Not more than I," he murmured. "Yet you give me no credit for my devotion. They cannot love you as well as I do."

"They don't tell me about it as often as you have done in the last week," she answered, with a worried look. "I had asked you never to renew that subject again. I have been indebted to you this evening for some kindness, (poor girl, she little dreamed for what foully intended wrong) and am still requiring your aid. Do not, then, add to my embarrassment."

"How can I help it," he cried, "when every pulse of my blood is saying 'I love you!' 'I love you!' in a mad tumult? No, Miss Thornton, reject, disdain me as you will, I am still the same idolatrous worshipper of your beauty, and when I cease to hope, you will be answerable for my death, for I have coolly determined to take my own life rather than endure it without you."

"That is a brave way to woo a woman," she said, rather scornfully, dropping his arm and walking on alone. "I shall still hold myself entirely irresponsible for such a madman's act; but you won't do it, Mr. Hartman. The men or women who *threaten* such things are always the ones who find just one thing else to live for when the pistol or the poison is procured."

Had Lilian Thornton seen the look with which her lover regarded her for an instant, she might have felt some alarm in spite of her rather unusual courage, but she did not glance toward him, and in another moment he had recovered his habitual control and walked on at her side.

"You must not, you cannot deprive me of hope," he said. "It would be cruel to do so, when you will not confess to a preference for another. Once I thought you liked George Chester, but I have watched you narrowly together, and I now believe that it is only because he is the *fidus Achates* of your brother Ralph."

"You have no right to watch me," answered the girl, with a hot blush. "Who gave you leave to be a spy upon my actions?"

"*My love*," he replied, with a forced calmness, "to which my life stands bound."

"But, Mr. Hartman, why will you not take the truth at once? I can never return your love."

"Never is a long word, Miss Lilian."

"But not too strong a one," she replied, emphatically. "Were we each to live until Doomsday as we are, and you told me the story of your love every hour of the time, it would never quicken my pulse or bring one thought of joy to my heart."

"You are at least versed in the symptoms of the disease," he answered, bitterly. "But why are you so confident that you can never love me? I have had other fancies—unreal, it is true, when compared with my passion for you; but women who have had a host of admirers about them, have given me the preference. Why are you so much more fastidious? What requisite do I lack? I have wealth—far greater wealth than you would suppose."

"I don't want it," she exclaimed. "I don't like you, Lewis Hartman. I don't know why; but I could never trust you, and if you will have it, I don't *believe you are a good man.*"

"What cause have you to say that?" he asked with a lowering brow.

"For my life I could not tell you," replied Miss Thornton, half dreamily, "but it is so."

"Another argument to Dr. Fell," he replied, with a low laugh. "Rather groundless—so you'll not wonder that a man refuses to receive it. You see I have still some faith in the ultimate reward of a patient, hopeful devotion. Do not take this away from me. I shall drop the subject for a time, at your request—but it must eventually come up again. Here we are at your door. May I drop in after a little while?"

"No," said Lilian, with the first ring of genuine feeling in her voice. "To-morrow is Ralph's wedding-day, you know; and as this is the last evening we shall ever be together exactly as we have been, I prefer spending it with him alone."

"I wonder if anything ever equalled your devotion for that brother?" said Lewis Hartman, looking down at her suddenly. "I don't think you ever care to marry, while he lives, unless you could always be in the same house with him."

"I do not," answered Lilian, with another blush. "I don't care if I never marry. Ah! there is Ralph coming now. Good-evening, Mr. Hartman."

Thus dismissed, her lover turned back with a strange expression on his face. The two men encountered, shook hands, and passed each other, Ralph coming on to where Lilian stood waiting for him.

"Ha! my beauty," cried Ralph, in his cheery tones, as he passed his arm about her, and stooped to kiss her white brow. "Been out bean-catching?"

Lilian looked up with a smile—and then burst into tears.

"What," continued her brother, with a tender, bantering smile; "am I going to lose my sister?"

"Hush," she answered, sobbing and laughing all at once. "You silly boy, I was thinking of your being *married to-morrow.*"

"Ah, my getting off first—was that it? But," he continued, as he noticed the saddened expression of her lovely countenance, "married or single, you shall always have your place in my heart, Lilian—a place that can never be filled."

Lewis Hartman was right; never did brother and sister love each other with a truer, purer affection.

CHAPTER IV.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING.

If the bride only is happy upon whom the sun shines, then of all women Mary Graham was destined to be the most miserable; for never dawned a more inauspicious day for a bridal, than that on which her destiny was to be united to that of Ralph Thornton.

Across one leaden sheet of sky, black and ragged clouds chased each other with relentless fury, or gave battle amid the thunder of Heaven's artillery, until the earth seemed shaken to its centre. The sun did not appear all day. Rain-drops, almost like leaden bullets, pelted every wayfarer until noon, when there was a temporary lull; but it was only in preparation for a renewal of the contest.

Ralph very wisely induced Lilian to avail herself of this opportunity; so, with her white dress and fixings, in a large, close box, Miss Thornton, turning up her pretty little nose, that she should not have Mr. Tressylian's fine carriage to ride in, mounted instead, into a covered wagon, and was driven a mile across to Mr. Mark Graham's—the father of the bride elect.

The rain had begun to drift again, and she was "almost wet to the bone," she declared, when she reached her destination. Her pretty shoes plunged square into the mud too, when a gentleman came to lift her out; but after changing her clothes, she was consoled to find that the white dress was as immaculate as ever; and sat down in a warm wrapper before a comfortable fire, to keep the bride company until time to dress.

Mary Graham, a sweet and pure but not an eminently pretty girl, seemed almost as proud of her stylish looking sister-in-law as of her future lord, and the hours passed pleasantly enough to the two girls, until the sound of footsteps, increasing in number below, warned them that they could no longer be idle.

If the storm had been like a battle between ordinary mortals before, it now resembled a fierce contest of Titans. The wind danced a wild saturnalia about the gables and among the tree-tops, snapping great arms from strong oaks, as though they had been the veriest twigs, and leaving no mischief undone that it could find to do. The rain poured down again like a second deluge. The house shook from turret to foundation stone. Mary Graham appeared to be in the greatest alarm until positively assured that Ralph had arrived, and been taken to his room unhurt, and even then she found it impossible to reduce her nerves to anything like ordinary composure. As she sat with busy fingers arranging the orange-blossoms in her hair, the wind, as if directing its especial fury against her, whipped open the blinds to one of her windows, forced in the sash with a loud noise, and blew out the lights. The attendants screamed lustily, and when Mr. Graham rushed in, and with much difficulty, succeeded in shutting out the rain, they found that the bride had fainted. It was some time ere she had recovered sufficiently to meet Ralph in one of the lower rooms, and even then she would not hear of being married until the storm had abated.

Ralph, too, was pale, and anxious on her account. But at last quiet was restored, and the occupants of the guest-room rose up at the entrance of the bridal party.

In the midst of the solemn ceremony, as Ralph was repeating after the minister, "With this ring I thee wed," the golden emblem of his affections slipped from his hands and rolled, amid a dead silence, to the opposite side of the room. The bride grew almost as white as her dress, and seemed almost fainting again, when Ralph gave her hand a gentle pressure, and whispered something in her ear that brought back a gleam of light to her face.

Amid an awkward silence the ring was found and restored, and the service proceeded to its conclusion, while whispers of "An ill omen," might have been heard among the spectators. But now the music struck up, and every feeling of dark foreboding was forgotten. No brass band thundered out the notes of Mozart or Beethoven here. A single violinist sat in a corner of the room, and moved his swift bow with the clear and inspiring music of that really charming instrument. Gallants drew out their fair partners—for what weather ever yet kept young people from a wedding or a dance—and the joyous hours flew by, while the musician now and then echoed the chorus of his strain, with an especial exhortation to the "Boatman" to dance, though I am sure not a single member of the nautical profession was present.

One part of the command they carried out, however, to the letter, and danced "all night, till broad daylight," with unflagging spirits; nor can I depose but that they further illustrated the song, and went home with their partners in the morning.

The following day was still dark and threatening; but at its brightest, Ralph Thornton took his bride home. His aged mother stood at the door, and received this new daughter with a loving embrace and a burst of tears.

"Nay, mother," cried Ralph, "never welcome our darling Mary with tears, as though she were to bring evil to our house, instead of a perpetual joy. So, one kiss for me, and God bless us all."

"Amen and amen, Ralph!"

Yet, though misfortunes came not in the footsteps of the fair young bride, their fearful shadows were looming up darkly around that house, coming nearer and nearer, and bringing RUIN AND DEATH!

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DISMISSAL AND A DETERMINED RESOLVE.

Mr. de Lacy went straight to Madeleine's little room—a charming place, where no one was admitted but her intimates.

The very atmosphere was redolent of her favorite perfume as you entered, and you could not look round without knowing something of the tastes and even feelings, of the presiding deity of this bright little domain.

The book she had been lately reading was open on the table; the song she best loved was laid open on the piano; her flowers and work jostled each other; and she was amongst them all, to her lover's mind, even before she came languidly in.

But she was not alone.

Whether this was accident or design, Major Chester could not tell; but it was a very effectual way of keeping him at a distance. Madeleine's companion was a lively, fashionable girl the daughter of a neighboring Squire, and she talked incessantly. She was determined to monopolize Major Chester, and succeeded; for when he took his leave presently, he had not had so much as a chance of whispering a word in Madeleine's ear.

Mr. de Lacy followed him to the door, and as he opened it he said, "After what has happened, you will not, I am sure, deem me discourteous if I say that, for the present, it would be better if your visits were discontinued."

"I expected this, Mr. de Lacy; but you understand that my intentions are in no wise altered?"

Mr. de Lacy bowed.

"And that I fully intend, if my life is spared, to see Madeleine again?"

"I leave all this to her. I have the most entire confidence in my child. Good morning!"

"Good morning!" returned Major Chester, coldly.

And he walked away down the very path where Madeleine had led him the night before, finding a painful pleasure as he went in recalling her words and looks in that very happiest moment of his life.

Would she be true to him?

Yes, so far as that she would never marry any one else; but then he wanted her himself.

All her grace and sweetness rose vividly before him. Her dear hand rested once more on his arm; her beautiful eyes were uplifted to his; he seemed to hear the soft murmur of her wise, tender speech.

This retrospection served but to enhance her value in his eyes; and he vowed a vow that he would win her still.

He had not intended to tell his friend of his failure, and had thought to hide his disappointment and grief; but the moment he appeared, Captain Vane looked at him anxiously, and said, "What is the matter, Chester? You look like a man who has had some great shock."

"Just so?" and it was such a relief to speak of his troubles, that he soon blurted out the whole story. "The worst of it is," he concluded, "that Madeleine has not been consulted in the matter. That man disposes of her and her future as calmly as if it simply concerned himself. I never witnessed such extraordinary egotism before in all my life!"

"Perhaps it is not egotism, Chester."

"What else can it be? He says frankly that he considers his affection enough for Madeleine, and even hints that it would be very unreasonable of her to require any other."

"They have lived always together, you see, and to him her marriage would be a terrible loss. It is only right to consider these things."

"And it is only right to consider that he makes grand professions of loving her so entirely; and yet the moment he is put to the proof, he fails miserably!"

"He, no doubt, thinks that he is acting for the best."

"Fudge!" exclaimed his friend disdainfully. "He doesn't care about that, so that he has his revenge upon me!"

"Come, come, Chester! you are going back to your old ways again!" cried Captain Vane, admonishingly. "I cannot believe that Mr. de Lacy would be guided by any considerations of this kind; for a baby may see that the one passion of his life is Madeleine."

"And she is worthy—infinitely worthy!" said her lover, rapturously. "All that I suffer now is as nothing compared to the bliss I shall one day enjoy! Yes, nothing can really part us! We shall have to wait; but I can trust my darling, even as she trusts me; and, knowing this, what need have I to complain?"

"I never expected to see you such an enthusiastic lover," Captain Vane said, with a wintry smile.

"Of course I took things coolly before I knew Madeleine; but it is different now. She is my first and only love. I seem to have been waiting for and wanting her so long that I wonder now how I ever managed to exist without the precious hopes I owe to her! But forgive me, Paul," he added, affectionately, "if I am *selfish* enough to forget that these confidences must needs remind you painfully of your troubles! Mine seem bad to bear, but as compared with yours, they are nothing! and you know, old friend, that I would sooner cut off my right hand rather than give you pain wittingly?"

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with," the other answered, gently. "I must learn to bear these contrasts, since they are forced upon me every day. And you are not so fortunate, I am sorry to say, that I have need to be jealous."

"I wish you were as fortunate, nevertheless."

"True; there is nothing hopeless but death," Captain Vane said—"or dishonor."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT, AND AN UNEXPECTED OFFER.

It wanted but a week of Wild Will's execution, when certain philanthropic gentlemen, who had been memorializing the Home Secretary on the ground of insufficient evidence, were able to obtain a reprieve for the unfortunate prisoner, and eventually his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

The thought that every one believed in his guilt had troubled Wild Will more than the bare thought of his impending death. Reckless as he had always been, there was something in his genial, careless manner that had made people like him, even whilst they condemned; and to feel that he was held up to execration wherever the English language was spoken, was a bitter sorrow and humiliation to the unfortunate man.

He did not know of the help and comfort that were on the way.

One morning, Mr. de Lacy came down to breakfast, looking anxious and ill. Madeleine had been very pale herself of late, but her sweet patience under this first great trial, her loving faith in her father, through all, showed how well worthy she was to be the idol of a brave young soldier's heart.

"I will do as you bid me, papa," she had said when he told her that she must give up Major Chester; "only you must promise not to ask me to marry any one else."

"Very well, my love," he had answered; and then the matter appeared to be settled.

Madeleine was not a sentimental heroine, and she went about her duties pretty much as usual, but Mr. de Lacy knew where the change was, if others did not, and missed her bright laughter and happy songs.

"Tush!" he said confidently within himself; "Madeleine will not break her heart—she is much too sensible;" and refused to note the increasing thinness and pallor of her young cheeks, or the languor of her eyes.

In the dull despair that was creeping over her, it was a real relief to hear him say, this particular morning, "Would you like to go up to town with me to-day, Madeleine?"

He had grown so erratic and uncertain in his movements of late, that she neither felt nor expressed any surprise at this sudden announcement.

She merely said, "Thank you, papa; it will be very nice to have a change. What time do you start?"

"As soon as you can get ready."

"I am ready now; only, papa—"

She hesitated, confusedly.

"Well, my love?"

"If you are leaving Brierton because of Major Chester, I ought to say that he is gone. I saw him yesterday,"—and she blushed again more vividly than before—"and he then promised me to leave the village at once."

"How do you know that he has kept his word?"

"But, papa, I told you that he promised me."

"Are promises never broken, then?"

"Not by honorable men."

Mr. de Lacy seemed, by his silence, to indicate that he did not quite share his daughter's faith; and Madeleine accepted the inference, and held her peace. It was a great sorrow to her that her father and lover should be so antagonistic.

"They are both so good," she thought, "and yet they cannot agree. I suppose it is that they are good in different ways."

After a brief pause, Mr. de Lacy added, "You will be more surprised at the object of my journey than at the journey itself. I am going to see Wild Will."

"Are you indeed?"

"Yes, my love. I have been thinking that I am his nearest relative, after all, and he is in trouble. It is very sad to be friendless, Madeleine."

"Indeed it is."

"So I settled that we would go and see him. The mere sight of you will comfort him more than any words."

"Shall we stay long, papa?"

"I can't tell. Provide for a week, at any rate."

Directly after breakfast, Madeleine went to make her preparations. She was so pleased at the thought of leaving Brierton, even for a time, that it called up a transient light in her beautiful, sad face.

She little guessed how much that was tragical and terrible was to happen before she would see it again.

Mr. de Lacy never revealed his purpose to her; but she began to guess, as the hours went on, that their journey had some deeper motive than lay upon the surface.

It was easy for him to obtain permission for himself and his daughter to visit the reprieved man.

It was on the eve of Wild Will's departure for Williamstown that they gained admittance to his cell; and his white, despairing face, as they came upon him unawares, was a painful memory to Madeleine for the rest of her life.

The turnkey drew the big bolts noisily behind them, and they were alone with the wretched prisoner.

He looked up, then, and his dim eyes travelled from one to the other, distrustfully.

Mr. de Lacy held out his hand.

"My poor William," he said, softly, "it wrings my heart to see you in such a plight."

The prisoner smiled in a woful kind of way.

"I shall be out of most people's way by

this time to-morrow—that is one comfort. But how comes it that you are here? I don't fancy that you were ever my friend."

"Don't say that, William."

"Well, well," answered the young man, impatiently; "we won't quarrel over a trifle. Thank you for bringing Madeleine, at any rate. Cousin"—and he stretched out his thin hand to her, with a timid air—"tell me that you do not believe me guilty."

"I do not!—I never did!" she answered, brokenly.

"Thank you. I knew, somehow, that you would judge me aright, and I have been wanting to ask you a great favor, cousin."

"You know I will grant it if I can."

"I have a child," the prisoner went on, and the tears he kept out of his eyes were in his voice; "she is with her grandfather, and he is a stern, hard man. He will teach her to hate me—to be ashamed of my very name; and she will believe him!"

He almost broke down here, but rallied quickly, and went on. "Will you talk to her sometimes of me, and tell her that the last time we met, you and I, I sent her my love, and solemnly swore, in God's name, that I was innocent of the crime laid to my charge? If she sees that you believe this, she will believe too, and understand that I am rather a martyr than a murderer!"

"I will tell her," replied Madeleine, in a stifled voice; "but I am sure you do your father-in-law injustice. However much he may hate and suspect you himself, he will take care that little Dolly respects you."

Wild Will shook his head.

"You don't know him as I do. He will glory in avenging his child by teaching mine to shudder at the very sound of my name."

"I trust not; I think not."

"Because you are so gentle and kind yourself, Madeleine, that you cannot realize others as so different."

Mr. de Lacy came forward, then, and spoke, but it seemed as if he, too, was pained by the sight of Wild Will's wretched condition, for he carefully avoided his eyes as he said. "I had a motive in coming here to-day, William, and the time is come to speak of this motive. You know that I am your nearest relative, I suppose?"

"I have always understood so."

"Blood is stronger than water, and I am come to release you from life-long bondage and unutterable misery and degradation," said the old Squire, with sublime self-abnegation. "You have only to obey me, and an hour hence you will be free."

"I—free!"

And a flash of light, like a sunbeam piercing through a dark cloud, brightened the shadows on his wan face.

"Oh, Mr. de Lacy, I have never injured you, at any rate! You could never be so unmerciful as to give me a hope that must never be realized."

"I speak advisedly," was the calm reply; "with ordinary caution, you may leave your prison, presently, a free man."

The prisoner dropped his head on his clasped hands, and sobbed aloud.

"It was too cruel a fate!" he cried. "I should never have seen Dolly again, if I had been condemned to pass my life with thieves and murderers, over yonder. Death was infinitely better! Oh, Madeleine," appealing to her, half-incredulously, "he would not tell me this if it were not true?"

"Nay," she answered, with her divine smile, "I know nothing, William; but my father always speaks the truth."

"And he will save me?"

"Since he says so."

"Thank God!—thank God! But I cannot believe even yet!" he added, passionately. "Ask him yourself, Madeleine; no one dares lie in your true presence."

"I tell you that he cannot lie," she said, with a faith so perfect, that it abashed Mr. de Lacy. "I trust him always—only next to my Maker."

"But it is impossible—impossible!" the prisoner still cried. "I am to leave England to-morrow, you know, and there is so little time left."

"But it is enough," replied Mr. de Lacy, huskily. "I shall take your place, presently, and you will take mine; only I must see you calm first, Madeleine, my love," turning to her, "I did not tell you of my intention, but I knew you would approve. They will only punish me a little; and if your cousin is innocent—"

"I swear I am innocent!" interrupted Wild Will—"I swear it by my hope of Heaven—by my love for Dolly—by my reverence for this noble child here!"

"That is enough," replied Mr. de Lacy, steadily; and he took out his watch. "We have exactly five-and-twenty minutes left; and you and I are much of the same height and figure."

Madeleine began to understand her father then; but she uttered no word of remonstrance or appeal. She simply went up to him, and kissed him tenderly.

Wild Will had the feeling to say, "I ought not to accept this sacrifice, Mr. de Lacy. I am sure Madeleine will suffer."

The old Squire answered, with strange solemnity, "She may suffer now, but later the recollection may be her only comfort, and plead for me with her, as nothing else could. Let me have my way, William. I only wish the sacrifice were greater, that the merit might be greater, too."

We may be sure that the prisoner made no further objection after this; whilst Mr. de Lacy seemed to take an odd kind of pleasure in preparing him for the part he was to play, and assuming himself the coarse prison dress.

This was no time to play the prude, even if it had been in Madeleine's nature, so she simply turned her head, and waited to be told when she might look.

And then she was staggered by the perfection of the disguise. Her father had worn a white wig over his own hair, which he had had cut short, and dyed black.

Wild Will had been closely shaved on entering the prison, and Mr. de Lacy wore no beard. Their height and figure, as the latter had said, were much the same, and the alterations, so skilfully managed, converted Wild Will into an old man, whilst Mr. de Lacy might pass muster for awhile for a young fellow of five-and-twenty. He had taken the precaution to conceal his face in entering the prison, and his confidence in the success of his stratagem inspired Wild Will with equal assurance, and quieted his tremors.

"Don't over-act your part, that is all," said the old Squire, calmly. "Madeleine will manage the rest."

He had scarcely done speaking, before the key grated in the lock, and the turnkey opened the heavy door, calling out abruptly, "Time up!"

Wild Will, instructed beforehand, shook hands cordially with Mr. de Lacy, saying, hoarsely, "May you be strengthened and comforted in your long exile, my poor William!" And then he gave his arm to his cousin, and escorted her out.

They appeared to be greatly overcome as they walked down the corridor, their footsteps giving a hollow echo, and the arm Madeleine clasped trembled under her; but presently the gloomy portals swung open to give them egress, and a wild thrill of joy went through Wild Will's attenuated frame as he felt the free air playing once more on his heated cheek.

If Madeleine had suffered in leaving her father behind, there was no sign of it, that he could see, as she turned toward him, with a faint, sweet smile.

"The future is yours now," she said, softly; "and I know that it will be very different to the past. You have my father's purse, and I fancy it's full; make use of the money first to escape, and then to live. It's not for me to lecture you, William, and there is no need. Little Dolly will never be ashamed of her father now."

"Never!" he sobbed.

"Take care!" she whispered, warningly—"there is a cab! God bless you, William!"

"God bless you!"

And, seizing her hand, he carried it to his lips.

She stood on the pavement a moment, and when he looked out presently, as the carriage rolled away, the smile was still on her lips, and the tears were waiting for a more convenient time.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WHITE LADY AGAIN.

Captain Vane still lingered at Brierton—he could hardly tell why, for his friend was gone, but the place had a strange fascination for him always, and it was difficult to tear himself away.

Day after day he would go to the stile where Winifred had appointed to meet him, and sit there, almost expecting that she would keep her tryst still, even if she must needs rise from her grave to meet him.

The willows bending over the river whispered softly together, and it was always of Winifred—Winifred, dead in her sweet prime, but true to the last.

Why should he seek to evade these tender memories? It was all that he had left of her now.

He did not wish to bury his dead out of sight, and forget—or, may be, bow down before another shrine. Her very name was woven into his life, and his love had lost nothing, except hope.

Often the shades of evening fell upon him as he lingered, and the river became a dense, black line, reflecting back a single star that managed to pierce the foliage overhead.

And Captain Vane loved this star, because it shone down on the place where Winifred's pure spirit had passed, and had no fear of the cruel, treacherous waters.

Sometimes a terrible temptation assailed him, to make an end of it all. But he knew he could trust himself to resist, or he would never have allowed himself to return again and again as he did now.

Sometimes he passed the whole day lingering about the place, waiting for her. Would she never come? If she only knew how he yearned after her, perhaps she would try to make some sign.

Once, as the short autumn day was drawing to a close, he fancied he saw something white stir the branches on the brink of the pool; and gradually, as he gazed, there came out of the mist a pale, calm face—the face of Winifred, his beloved.

Spell-bound, fascinated, he tried to stretch out his arms, and utter a cry; but, looking at him with grave, tender eyes, she made a slight gesture, as if to warn him away, and suddenly vanished.

For a minute or more, Captain Vane could not move; and then the spell was withdrawn, as it seemed to him, and he sprang toward the place where he had seen Winifred.

He tore the branches aside, and peered above and below, but there was no sign of her anywhere. How should there be, since she was dead?

Thus he reasoned with himself, but reasoned in vain. He had seen her twice, in moments when he was perfectly calm, perfectly reasonable, and could not have been deceived.

He did not believe that the spirits of the dead were allowed to walk on the earth; but he believed that Winifred had been with him in answer to his passionate prayer.

He turned homeward at last, in a very sober mood, but comforted, too. As he came to the lane that led to the farm-yard, he saw a shadowy figure standing close to the hedge, as if waiting for him.

Thinking it might be some poor wayfaring man who was seeking alms, Captain Vane, with a heart softened by trouble, felt in his pocket for a small coin, which he meant to bestow upon him as he passed.

But, when he had advanced a few steps, something in the attitude of the man struck him as stealthy and menacing, and he prepared to stand on the defensive should his suspicions prove correct.

Keeping a wary eye on every movement of the supposed mendicant, he advanced quickly, but cautiously; and he was so far prepared for an attack by this time, that he met it without flinching, and skilfully parried the blow that was aimed at his head.

"What, you again, Stephen Young?" said the young officer, as he bent forward to examine the other's features. "I should have thought you would have been satisfied with one failure."

"I haven't failed yet."

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, you were in a very lowly position, if you remember," said Captain Vane, with a quiet laugh, that expressed rather disdain than merriment. "Did you like your position so much, that you are anxious to try it again?"

"No; I think I'd rather you tried it this time."

"Supposing I object?"

"I don't mean to give you your choice!" And Captain Vane heard a sudden click, and felt something cold touch his hand in passing.

One second, and life, which is so sweet, even to those who seem to have very little to live for, would have been over for Captain Vane; but, with great presence of mind, he threw up Stephen's arm, and the discharge scattered in the air harmlessly.

Wrenching the pistol from him, the young officer said, in a deep, stern voice, "You are a cowardly ruffian; and I'll take care you are punished for this!"

So saying, he flung him from him; and Stephen, as he rolled in the ditch, clutched, panting, at the stump of a tree to steady himself, and drew another pistol from his breast.

Dragging himself up, he took steady aim at Captain Vane's retreating figure; but before he could draw the trigger, his foot slipped, and the whole of the contents of the pistol were lodged in his own breast.

Hearing the report, and finding himself unhurt, Captain Vane turned back to see what was the matter, and found his adversary bleeding and insensible at the bottom of the ditch.

He was a generous enemy, assuredly; for, instead of passing by and leaving him to his fate, as he richly deserved, the young officer lifted him carefully in his arms, and, although he staggered under the weight, managed to convey him to the farm.

Mr. Merridew caught sight of his lodger as he neared the house, and his ruddy face was blanched as he came forward to ask what was the matter.

A few brief sentences served to explain the state of affairs; but even then Captain Vane did not tell the whole truth. Supposing this should be a lesson to Stephen, he was determined to give him another chance.

He, therefore, simply explained that the pistol had gone off by accident, and wounded the young farmer; who, at this moment, opened his eyes, and said, faintly, as if he had come to his full senses at last, "It was all my own fault, and I deserved it. But I have been quite mad since Delia left."

"That wasn't the way to get her back," said the old farmer, who loved little Delia, and had always had his doubts as to the expediency of her marriage.

"I know that; but I tell you I was desperate."

"And so you tried to kill yourself?"

Stephen was silent; he dared not tell the truth.

"It was an accident," Captain Vane repeated. "I am sure Mr. Young did not intend to hurt himself."

He laid some emphasis unconsciously upon "himself;" but Mr. Merridew did not notice it. He was occupied entirely in wondering what his wife would say to the visitor whom Captain Vane had brought her.

But if her temper was faulty, her heart was in the right place; and when she saw Stephen sore wounded at her very door, she did not hesitate to take him in.

Major Chester's room was empty; and here the unfortunate man was comfortably installed long before the doctor could arrive.

Mrs. Merridew prided herself upon being a good nurse; but, may be, the sick man remembered that she had helped him to his miserable marriage, for he turned from her with evident repugnance; and his constant, pitiful cry the livelong night was for Delia—only Delia!

"I can't give you what I haven't got," Mrs. Merridew said at last, impatiently. "I wish she was here, I am sure. People have no right to run away from their duties. You never see me running about on churning days, I'll answer for that!"

The two cases were not certainly analogous; although no one ventured to hint this. But when the morning dawned, and the sick man, delirious now, raved wildly of Delia, and turned from all other help, Mrs. Merridew went and knocked at Captain Vane's door.

He had not even lain down, knowing it was useless, and at once told her to come in.

Mrs. Merridew sank into a chair, with a very dejected face.

"I don't know what to do with Stephen," she said, anxiously. "Nothing will pacify him, but he must have Delia; and you see, sir, I wouldn't tell him where Delia was to save my life! I thought you would be kind enough to give me a little advice. It's no use consulting Merridew—he's as stupid as an owl to-day; and the doctor says Stephen can't last long."

"Supposing you were to advertise for your niece?" Captain Vane suggested.

"What! put some lines in the paper?" she questioned.

"Ah! Delia might chance to see them; and if she knew that her husband was dying, I am sure she would return."

"She had no business to have left," interposed Mrs. Merridew, sharply.

"That is true; but we do not know what she may have suffered before she came to this resolution. She has a very tender heart, remember; and if it had been possible to do her duty by Stephen, she would never have left him, I am certain. She was very good to me when I was ill."

"A little too good, perhaps," Mrs. Merridew muttered, Stephen's wild words having given her an inkling of the truth.

"Nay," answered the young officer, smiling; "you set her the example, Mrs. Merridew."

"Then I wish I hadn't, that's all."

"I am sure you don't regret your kindness."

"No, I don't," replied Mrs. Merridew; "it's not in me to do a favor, and then repent; but I am sorry I sent for Delia. It would have saved a heap of trouble all round, if I had let her stay quietly at home."

"That is Stephen's idea; but it is not obliged to be true."

Mrs. Merridew shook her head.

With the help of Stephen's hint, she recalled several circumstances that had surprised her a little at the time, and came to the conclusion that poor Delia, as foolish girls will sometimes, had been longing after the moon.

And that the moon looked coldly upon her, in no wise responsive, she had also discovered, and was inclined to blame her niece greatly that she had allowed herself to entertain a foolish passion which would never be reciprocated.

"When she might have been so comfortable!" reasoned Mrs. Merridew, who had somewhat dull perceptions, and fancied that comfort consisted in so much furniture, and a certain income—forgetting that people may be rich in the world's goods, and yet poor in all that goes to make the happiness of those about them.

Poor Delia, in her impatient misery, had seen the reverse of the medal very clearly, and if her heart had failed her, who could wonder?

"I don't think there can be much doubt," Mrs. Merridew answered, after a long pause; "and as it was some of my doing, I should like to have a hand in setting matters to rights. I am sure Delia would never forgive herself if her husband were to die."

"I think, in order to justify your niece, you ought to know the truth," Captain Vane said, irritated by her persistent regrets; and then he told her of the two attacks Stephen had made upon him.

Mrs. Merridew was, or pretended to be, greatly surprised.

"I had no idea he was that kind of man," she said, "or I shouldn't have wanted the marriage so much."

"At any rate, it is done now, and can't be undone," Captain Vane said, very gravely; "only that, knowing all you know now, I am sure you will be tender with her, supposing she should come back."

"I don't know that she ever had cause for complaint, sir?"

"May be not; but she will require very tender treatment now, poor child!"

"We can settle all that when she comes," answered the good woman, rather shortly. "Will you write out the advertisement now? and I'll send a man with it to the post."

Captain Vane hastily scribbled a few appealing lines "to Delia," directed them to the office of one of the large daily papers, and then gave the note into Mrs. Merridew's hands.

"Are you quite sure this will reach her?" Mrs. Merridew asked, looking anxiously at the address.

"No, I am not sure," he replied; "but it is all we can do. I have told them to insert the advertisement half a dozen times; and if this fails, I hardly know what to suggest. If Stephen is so dangerously wounded as the doctor seems to say, Delia ought to be here."

"Of course she ought; and I take it rather hard that she did not leave me her address."

"Then you would have told her husband, for a certainty, Mrs. Merridew."

"And quite right, too, sir. 'Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.'"

"I don't fancy God joined those two, Mrs. Merridew!"

"But the parson did, and that is the same thing."

"Not exactly," he said, with a faint smile; and he thought of the perfect union that had once been promised him—an union the parson would have sanctified, but certainly not made."

"Well," Mrs. Merridew said, decidedly, "people have their own opinions, I dare say, and mine are that you should always try to do your duty conscientiously, and take your chance of the rest. When father told me to marry John, I should have liked to say 'No' if I had dared, and yet where do you want to see a happier couple than us two?"

"But Mr. Merridew is a very different kind of man to Stephen Young."

"Maybe he is; but there's always something to put up with, sir. However, that is neither here nor there. I'll send your letter to the post directly, and I only hope it may bring back Delia to her duty—for even if Stephen has worse faults than most, he loves the child dearly in his own way, and it's hard she shouldn't be with him at the last."

Two days passed, and on the evening of the second, Stephen, awaking out of a feverish sleep, said, plaintively, "Do you think Delia will ever come, Mrs. Merridew? If she isn't quick, it will be too late!"

A suppressed sob was his only answer.

"I know what you mean," he added, in an irritable tone, "but it isn't true. I dreamt of her just now, and in my dream she was sitting beside me, with her hand in mine. Dreams sometimes come true, you know."

"Yours has come true, Stephen!" was the gentle response.

He raised himself painfully, and peered anxiously through the gathering twilight at the little figure standing motionless at the foot of his bed.

Mrs. Merridew's proportions were very substantial, but his new nurse had a light, slim waist, and slender arms, gleaming white through the gloom.

Moreover, she had beautiful soft eyes, and a shapely head weighed down by the shining masses of brown hair; and her pale hands, as they fluttered out to meet his, were like white doves settling on a warm nest.

It was only Delia who could look like this.

He bade her come near, and then held her back, the better to assure himself that it was really she.

"I have wanted you so badly!" he sobbed out then.

"Poor Stephen!"

"Nay, rich Stephen, *now!*"

She began to understand, at last, that he loved her truly, even if his way was not her way, and she bowed her face down to his breast.

"I am sorry I went away," she murmured. "Can you forgive me?"

"I can forgive you everything—anything, now that you have come back."

"I will never leave you again, Stephen," she murmured, firmly. "But if I did wrong, I have been punished, too. It has been a weary, weary struggle since I went away. Sometimes I have even wanted bread."

"Oh, my darling, and I had so much!"

"But I had not the heart to share it with you. I preferred to live by my own labor; and labor being scarce, or my abilities so poor, I well-nigh starved. I only tell you this that you may see how far I have expiated my sin. Perhaps, if we both try very hard, we may be happy together now."

"But, Delia, I am dying," he said, in a voice of terrible anguish. "I knew you would come too late."

"Or, rather, that I should come just in time."

Stephen sighed mournfully.

"I have thrown away my life, Delia, and there is no help for it now. I have nothing to thank but my own evil passions. Captain Vane was very patient with me—I must acknowledge that, although I cannot help hating him still."

"You have no reason to hate him, Stephen."

"Don't take his part, then," returned the wounded man, with a flash of his old fierce temper. "I want to die in peace with all men if I can."

"Or, rather, live in peace with all men," insinuated his wife, gently.

"There is no chance for me now."

"Why not? I am such a good nurse." And she smiled at him as Delia had never smiled at him before.

"But you can't want me to live, Delia?"

"Indeed I do. Remember that I have something to atone for as well as you; and, perhaps, we may find out the way to be happy together after all, if we try. We have both had a lesson, and we have both suffered. These things should draw us together; and I came back with the intention of doing my duty faithfully, if you will only make it easy for me."

He kissed her fervently, again and again.

"If my life is only spared, Delia, I feel that I shall be a better man, under your influence. I only wanted you for your beauty once; now I want you for your goodness, darling."

"But I am not good," she answered, humbly.

"I am quite satisfied with you, at any rate."

"I will try to keep you so, Stephen."

"I have no fear about that; but you'll have something to put up with, Delia, perhaps. My temper isn't of the best, as you know, and I can't hope to conquer it all of a sudden."

"But if you do your best, you will be sure to succeed in the end," she said, kindly; "and I can wait. I don't expect to be a good wife all of a sudden, either; so you will have something to put up with, too."

But Stephen quite ridiculed the idea that Delia could be other than perfect, in any part, at a minute's notice.

His only trouble was lest the life that had become so precious to him was to be denied, as a punishment for his own mad folly and sin. He knew that he deserved this punishment, but he seemed to think that if Delia forgave him, God would forgive him, too; and she had to repeat again and again this sweet assurance.

Even then Stephen was evidently uneasy about something. Delia began to understand what it was when she found him listening anxiously for Captain Vane's movements, and calling her back excitedly to his bedside when he thought there might be a chance of their meeting on the stairs.

This was putting him back so much, and destroying his only chance of life which lay in perfect quiet, that at last Delia came to a resolution which, although it entailed a painful sacrifice, she felt to be right.

Leaving her husband comfortably asleep, with the idea that Captain Vane was out, she crept down-stairs, and knocked timidly at the young officer's door.

"Come in," said Captain Vane; and he was greatly surprised, and the least degree embarrassed, perhaps, when he found out who his visitor was.

Delia looked painfully confused, and her voice shook as she said, with a little courtesy, "I have come to ask you a great favor, sir."

"Then, I am sure, it is already granted, Mrs. Young."

She started slightly at the name he gave her, for she had always been Delia to him before. But she appeared to recognize the propriety of the amendment, and to gain courage at the thought that she could never have been anything to him, even if she had not borne this name, for her voice was firmer as she added, "I am afraid I am taking a great liberty, sir; but—"

"Well, go on," he said, encouragingly, as she paused.

"My husband's life hangs on a thread; and though I see that I have no right to ask you to serve or please him after the way he has treated you, I felt that you would understand—"

She stopped again, and blushed crimson to her very brows.

"Yes, I do understand a great deal, and make allowance for a great deal, Mrs. Young. I have already forgiven your husband, if that is what you mean."

"No, it wasn't that, sir. At least, I am very glad you can forgive him, of course; but somehow, I felt sure of that before. What I wanted to ask, was, if—if you would leave here, sir."

At this request, so diffidently and pleadingly put, the young officer was greatly touched. Because he saw with wiser eyes, for Mrs. Merridew's hint, he understood how painful it must have been to poor Delia to ask this of him.

For she had loved him. He knew this now, and recognized her brave efforts to conquer her hopeless passion.

On this account, much as he clung to Brierton, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have stayed.

He told her quite gently that she need not have minded asking him, for he was only too glad to be able to do anything for her; and his manner was so kind, even respectful, that Delia wondered now that she had thought her task so difficult.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness," she said, very softly, and gravely; "I feel now that I did very wrong to leave my husband—and, am, in a great measure, responsible for all that has happened since. Therefore, the least I can do now is to nurse him back into health."

"Of course; it is not necessary to apologize, Mrs. Young."

"I am afraid it is, sir. Stephen says he has been mad of late—and I think he must have been. However, I hope the future will show that he is penitent for his fault."

"I shall expect great things of him, now that he has you to guide him aright.

But Delia would not have this.

"I have such hard work to keep straight myself, sir—I don't think I can be much help to others. But there is nothing like trying."

"True! God bless you, Mrs. Young; and I hope fervently, that you will be as happy as you deserve. I can never forget how kind you were to me."

This allusion overcame poor Delia a little—but she soon rallied again.

"I only did my duty, sir."

And she courtesied, and made for the door, as if eager to escape. He would have held out his hand, but understood that this would embarrass her, and therefore allowed her to depart.

Delia peeped into her husband's room, and finding him still asleep, went and hid herself to indulge her tears freely.

But when she rose from her knees, presently, her heart felt lighter, for she had buried the old dream forever, and knew that it would never rise again to trouble her repose.

Stephen woke up wonderfully better, and asked for wine and food, of which he partook eagerly. Then he made Delia sit beside him, and, holding her hand, fell into a profound revery.

She was careful not to disturb him, until his quick ear caught the sound of steps below, and he cried out, flushing—

"Delia, what is that? Some one is leaving."

She went to the window, and looked. It was not necessary to tell her husband that she went through this ceremony purely for his edification, and he was perfectly unsuspicious, it would seem.

"Well," he said, at last, "what is going on?"

"Captain Vane is leaving, Stephen."

"Ah! How is that?"

"I suppose he is getting tired of the place," answered Delia, praying that she might be pardoned for the fraud; "it is very quiet for a gentleman like him."

Stephen drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Now I shall get well," he said. "Watch him until he is out of sight, Delia, in case he should come back."

For, to Stephen's mind, Brierton was the only place where a man, in his senses, would choose to dwell; and he could not believe Captain Vane was going until he was really gone.

When Delia, who was glad to have her guilty face turned from him, reported presently that the young man had actually turned the corner leading to the station, Stephen shouted out, "Now I am all right."

And it was a fact, that, from this very moment, he began steadily to mend.

The doctor was astonished at the sudden improvement in his condition when he visited him at night, and declared that Delia had tried her "'prentice hand" first on Captain Vane, and this was why she was such a splendid nurse.

Stephen made a wry face over this little joke, but was pacified by Delia's calm retort

"People must have practice, you know, sir."

"What should I be without practice?" laughed the old doctor; and, tickled by his own joke, he never noticed that his allusions quickened the faint pulse of his patient, and brought a sudden glow of color to his pale cheek.

But it might have been noticed that Stephen seemed to dread his visits after that, and always made himself out to be better than he really was, in hopes of getting rid of him sooner.

Mrs. Merridew was getting tired of playing the Good Samaritan, and was not at all sorry when Stephen was well enough to be moved to his own home.

"One man was quite enough in the house at a time," she said; "especially when churning was about."

Delia dreaded beyond measure having to put good resolutions to the proof, and begin her new life really away from even such help as came to her through her aunt's presence; but Delia knew now that people gain nothing by shirking their duty, and so she took up her cross bravely. And the reward, if tardy, came at last.

As the years went on, and little children gathered about her knee, she found the happiness she sought.

Stephen could never be her heart's choice; but he was dear to her for the sake of her little ones, and for the sake of the great change wrought in him through his deep love for her.

And so we leave Delia—peaceful, ever-smiling, as she listens to the glad young voices calling her "mother," and bends her fair neck to the yoke of their loving arms.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for November. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY for November. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES for October. Published by Henry C. Lea, Phila.

☞ A stylish lady at Bridgeport, Connecticut, got mad at her husband about a pair of shoes, and went to church barefooted to spite him.

☞ A young man named Glassup, living with his parents at St. Mary Cray, Kent, in England, recently fell into a dry well. He remained there four days, feeding, meanwhile, on the mice that ran over him as he lay on the damp ground. At the end of the four days, a gentleman hunting in the woods was attracted to the well by the shrieks of the unfortunate inmate, assistance was obtained, and Glassup was brought to the surface a raving maniac.

☞ The following tender missive was picked up in the ladies' sitting-room at a railroad depot: "Dear Charles, do you love me as much as you did at a quarter to twelve last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me spirit to go down and tackle those cold beans left over from yesterday." The Fonda Democrat is responsible for the above paragraph. Probably by next week Mr. Loadwick will be prepared to give Charles's answer, which will undoubtedly run somewhat in this wise: "Dear Susan, I do. Tackle them beans."

☞ An enterprising farmer near Providence had a cow to sell lately, and a purchaser made an appointment to come and see her. The farmer arranged that his man should be milking the cow when the purchaser arrived, and had three pails on hand, each half filled with water. The man milked vigorously, and filled the three pails one after another, to the astonishment of the purchaser, who at once closed the bargain at a very high figure.

☞ The operation of taking the census in Bengal, which was the first ever heard of in that country, brought out some of the characteristics of the people. Their first thought was that it was the preliminary step to some new tax, and one man hid his babies, declaring that they were too young to be taxed. In some places it was thought that the Government intended to draft the people to the hills, where coolies are much wanted; and at Moorshodabad it was believed that the surplus population were to be blown away from guns.

☞ During a late storm a whirlwind or cyclone caught up the roof of a schoolhouse, in Montgomery county, Pa., and whirled it off the building in a hurry. One-half the roof was carried more than three hundred feet away in nearly a northerly direction, alighting in good condition in an orchard. The other half was torn to pieces. The gable walls above the square were also torn down. As a seminary of learning that school-house was not much used for a few days.

Medical Bubbles.—Columns would be required to enumerate the medical bubbles that have risen to the surface and burst since HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS became the standard tonic of the Western Hemisphere. Boasts the most extravagant, fabrications the most preposterous, cant the most sickening, have in turn been employed to bolster up the worthless preparations that have from time to time been introduced, in the hope of dividing the field with that famous vegetable remedy. Signal failure has been the lot of each and all. The reputation of the Bitters as a preventive of epidemics, a stomachic, an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for indigestion, bilious affections, rheumatism, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, paroxysmal fevers, and all complaints to which the more sensitive sex are exclusively liable, is established upon the sound basis of more than twenty years' experience, and can no more be shaken by the clap-trap nostrums of unscientific pretenders, than the everlasting hills by the winds that rustle through their defiles.

No. 239. Tapeworm No. 239.

Removed in a few hours. No fee asked until the entire worm, with head, is expelled. Medicine harmless, being purely vegetable. Consultation free. Dr. E. F. KUNZEL, No. 229 N. Ninth st. oct25-52t

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren st., New York.

nov1-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard or on muslin.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.50; regular price $2.50 at $2.00; regular price $3.00 at $2.50; regular price $4.00 at $3.00; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

JESSIE DALE,

THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this

GREAT STORY,

which we are now publishing. It relates to a

SECRET SOCIETY,

supposed to have malevolent intentions against certain of the more prominent officers of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Every one will want to read it.

A New Serial.

A WOMAN'S VOW.

By Mary E. Woodson.

Is begun in the present number of the

Saturday Evening Post.

This is one of the most powerfully written Serials published this year. Every one should be sure to read it. IT IS A GREAT STORY.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

IS A THIEF A THIEF?

There was a time when I had no doubt about it. In the unsophisticated days of my youthful greenness, it was just as plain to me as pearl powder on a woman's face, that when a man stole anything, he broke one of the ten commandments, and was nothing else than a thief. That was the ignorant, old-fashioned way in which my forefathers and mothers brought me up. I hold a grudge at them to this day for it. They ought to have known more about the new fashion of things than that.

I say I hold a grudge at them. They ought to have kept up with the times. Because, you see, from having my early education neglected so scandalously, I am utterly unable to determine when a man is a thief and when he isn't. The prejudices of my unhappy countrified education cling to me still, and confuse my mind so that when a man now-days makes a big steal, I am apt to forget myself and call him a thief. It is most unfortunate. I can't tell at all any more when a man is a thief, and when he is only a shrewd business man. If a person is guilty of a little steal, he is a thief now-days; if it is a grand big steal, then it is only a splendid speculation. If an impecunious individual appropriate a contemptible pair of old unmentionables, he is yanked up and trotted off to the work-house for three months. On the other hand, if a man dip his hand boldly into a city treasury, and lift out a million or so, and coolly pocket the same, he is immediately elected mayor of the city, and all the inhabitants thereof take off their hats to him, in profound admiration of his magnificent business talents. All men and women too run after him, toady to him, go down in the dust at his feet, and take it as a compliment if the Great Stealer condescend to give them a kick. They follow his distinguished track as if they were a pack of jackals and he a lion. He has but to wink his finger at them, and they fall down and adore him in the fashion commanded by Thackeray:

"Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knee, Snob, and truckle."

He controls the votes of men and the hearts of women, at the very time that he is stealing the money out of their pockets and the bread out of their mouths. Now, according to the coarse prejudices of my unfortunate countrified education, such a person would be a big rascal and a monstrous thief, but I can't find out that anybody, even in the newspapers, ever hints that he has done anything out of the way. On the contrary, his jackals elect him president of a railroad. I wonder if that sort of thing is going to be the permanent fashion of this republic? If it is, then I think I'd like to go over the water and live in an effete monarchy for the rest of my life. It's on account of the prejudices of my old-fashioned education. I have no doubt in the world that that's what it is, but you see it bothers my judgment, and I wish you would kindly tell me whether you think the man who steals a million or two out of a city-treasury is a thief? I assure you I am only asking for information.

That's one point I'd like to feel at ease in my mind about.

Then again, there's another point. I wish you'd be kind enough to set me at rest about that, too. Some time ago a very fine gentleman held an important government office. He was a very fine gentleman, indeed. After he had held the government office awhile, he built himself a lovely country villa, set up a carriage and fast horses, and bought his wife all the false hair she wanted. He prospered amazingly; and was such a genial, witty, delightful gentleman that he had more friends than he could count. He gave the loveliest wine-parties at his lovely country villa too, and dashed expenses. What a handsome darling of a gentleman he was! And one fine morning some clerks looked into the office-books, and found this fine gentleman had st—I mean speculated with three hundred thousand dollars of government money. The newspapers said that on being found out he nobly surrendered all his funds into the hands of the proper officers. But the lovely villa belonged to his lovely wife, the carriage and fast horses had been a present to his lovely wife, and the lovely wife had several thousand dollars worth of diamonds. And the officers couldn't be so cruel-hearted as to tear her little property away from the lovely wife. Especially as the lovely wife tore off all her false hair, and chucked a sweet babe under each arm, and fell on her knees at the officers' feet, screeching—

"Ow! me husband!"

Then she carefully laid the sweet babes down, so as not to hurt 'em, arranged her silk dress so it wouldn't muss, and rolled up her eyes to Heaven, and toppled over in a dead faint. That finished the business. There wasn't a pretension of a doubt but that the lovely wife's husband had been guilty of downright theft on a magnificent scale; but there was the angelic wife, there were the sweet babes, there were scores of rich friends—this was the fine gentleman's first, very firstest "bending aside from the path of strict rectitude," and so he received just the very lightest possible sentence. If he had been a poor devil who had stolen a hundred dollars, he would have been punished to the limit of the law. But he was a big scamp, was rich, had rich and powerful friends. That made an overwhelming difference in the nature of his sin.

"I think guineas helps liking," says the pretty housemaid in Veronica.

But I haven't told you the best part. After this fine gentleman with the angel wife and sweet babes had been in prison a very few weeks, he was pardoned out, as sure as you're alive, and he went back home and retired from active life, and to-day holds up his head as if he were the honestest man in the States. Now, what I want to ask is this: Suppose you were describing this fine man's little transaction to anybody, and you wanted to give him a fitting name—would you call him a thief, or would you say he was a gentleman who had been unfortunate in business? That's what I want to know. I want to understand how to put it if I ever have occasion to write about him, you know. It would really be a great satisfaction to me.

There are one or two more fellows, whose proper title and character I could wish to have settled in my mind for certain, now that we are on the subject. A pious young gentleman belonged to the Young Men's Christian Association. He was very pious indeed. His father was a doctor of divinity. The good young man held several positions of trust and high responsibility. People trusted him with their whole fortunes, so very responsible and religious he was. And the other day the company which employed him failed, after he had pursued his useful and honorable career with them for many years. And they failed in consequence of the loss of large sums of money which this noble young man had taken from them in the course of a series of uninterrupted stealings which extended over all the years in which they had employed and honored and trusted him. I tell you if I had a brother, I would rather blow his brains out with a pistol in my own hand, than see him live to have a history like that. This young man who was so good and honorable had stolen from his employers at least four hundred thousand dollars. He was a young man of the highest social position, looked up to on all sides, both on his own and his father's account. What did they do with him? He had caused the utter ruin of hundreds of poor people, widows, seamstresses, and children, you know. Did they send him to the State prison to work out, as far as might be, the punishment of his swindling and black hypocrisy? Bless you, no! Nobody ever laid a finger on him. His father and friends set to work at once and hunted up all the smooth names in the dictionary, to call the rascal's stealing by. In fact, he hadn't stolen at all, they said. He had only taken four hundred thousand dollars which belonged to his employers and used it in "unfortunate speculations." No stealing at all, you see! His pious father, who preached the ten commandments to other people, published a letter stating that he was sure his son was crazy. Domestic affliction had turned the young fellow's head. He had looked sort of wild out of his eyes, for a week or two, had stayed out last night late, and came down this morning with his vest buttoned wrong. More than all, he hadn't passed up his plate for the second slice of pudding, yesterday. Such a thing had never happened before in the young hopeful's history, and oh! yes, he must be crazy. That's just the sort of twaddle that reverend doctor of divinity who preached the ten commandments to other people, put forth to show that his rascally son was crazy. And as I told you, nobody ever laid a finger on the young fellow to punish him for all the misery he had caused people whose only fault was that they had trusted this vile, hypocritical scamp. Now I feel worse cut up in mind about this case than any of the others. Because you see it looks to me so very much like downright old-fashioned thievery. But maybe it wasn't. Maybe it was only an "unfortunate speculation." Maybe it was. But I think, somehow, I'd rather be dead than be that pious young man. His unfortunate insanity took such a queer form, you see.

Another fellow, in a bank, who has lately defaulted to the tune of a good many thousand dollars' steal, remarks as follows:

"The past two weeks I have been crushed to earth, and my mental agony has been intense."

The poor, dear, abused man! How our hearts do bleed for him, to be sure! "Yet Babbage's nutrition was splendid until his robbery was discovered," the Cincinnati Commercial very justly remarks. This last thief, it may be mentioned, calls his big steal "my great calamity." Sure enough! But the calamity consisted in his being found out.

Now, do you think we ought to call that man a thief, or isn't he rather a "great calamity?" And the greatest calamity of our nation is that we no longer call a thief a thief. It is too coarse a word to apply to the fine, high-toned gentlemen who do the great stealing now-days. But I am sure an unmistakably honest, noble name is a better thing to die possessed of than all the basely-gotten gains of these elegant thieves. Because an honest, noble name is something one can take into Heaven with him. The other he can't.

ZIG.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—In my last I believe I left many things respecting fashions unsaid. And if my memory serves me, I promised that at no distant day I would supply the omission.

The "no distant day" has arrived, and the appointed hour along with it, and in the full flush of health and strength I sit down, and with my eyes fixed upon vacancy, try to remember where I left off. I know I talked of bonnets and dresses and cloaks, and mentioned some of the indispensable items that accompany such things, but I am morally certain I left my female American woman only about half clothed, and it remains for me to finish her, or lose my reputation for a faithful expounder of styles.

But what a commingling of summer, autumn and winter fabrics do our fashionable promenades present! And what wonder, with all these dreamy delicious days, the soft hazy atmosphere, the mild, half-reluctant sunshine, the gentle breezes that toy with waving feathers and straying curls, and touch with a ruddier glow the youthful cheek! How happy every one seems!

Verily I wish it could be autumn and Indian summer every blessed month of the whole twelve. And yet what incongruities of dress! The stately creature just passing certainly observes the "varied changes," and costumes herself to the month, weather or no weather. Just the outfit for October late, or November early. She has struck a nice balance, and the most fastidious stickler for "everything in its season" could not change for the better an item of that autumn outfit. Even the little Cashmere jacket, beaded in fanciful design, seems a sort of mediator between summer's heat and winter's cold; the russet leaves and rich dark colors of the flowers upon the velvet-trimmed hat, with its floating loops of blue ribbon, nod as it were a graceful good-bye to the glories of the past, mingled with a happy, loving salute to the future, and settle back in grateful acknowledgment of a satisfied present.

But here comes one who certainly has forgotten that yesterday was not the fourth of July! Else why venture out in a piqué suit and summer colors? And as I live, here, right beside me, flutters a stout lady in grenadine. Cold? Of course not! All grenadine dresses are lined with silk, and anyway the little striped wrap carried over her left arm can give whatever protection is required. But she is *fashionable*—there is no denying that. That dress, with its elaborate trimming, was new only a little time ago; the cut and style are unapproachable and irreproachable, and there is little fear that the cost of it did not supply the theme for a nice little matrimonial dialogue.

She glances in at the great furnishing houses, however, and eyes the winter fabrics with an intensity that evidences a settled purpose. No one can tell what hopes, fears, and dark designs may be struggling in that ample bosom.

But what is this—a fur-trimmed cloak, and the very heaviest of woollen suits! All easily understood; this stylish creature has already prepared her winter outfit. She is one of those thrifty ones who take time by the forelock, and are always ready for any emergency.

And so they go.

Every description of dress, and every season is represented.

And how well up every one is in those little feminine subterfuges that go so far toward making us feel perfectly satisfied with ourselves. The lady properly clad, would, doubtless, pass you with a sweet smile and friendly nod of recognition, with never a word about the weather. The one in grenadine would laughingly declare the day glorious, only a little, just a little, too warm and sunny (with a slight shiver), while the feminine in fur would exclaim at once upon the chilliness of the atmosphere, and regret that she had not on her muff and boa. At the same time she wipes a little moisture from her brow that surprisingly resembles perspiration.

Well! There is no harm in it, as I am aware of. The dear little creatures feel perfectly sincere, and never once imagine they are trying to deceive themselves or anybody else.

But to be a woman, necessitates the wearing of a buckle on your back, this season. No modest little slide of gold, but a huge buckle, that can be seen with the naked eye at the distance of five blocks. An *oxydized buckle*, with huge heads—mummies or sphynx—or if you don't like those, there are heads of horses, and Alderny cows, horns and all. And there are buckles representing the garden of Eden, with the life-like figures of our first parents, walking about, deeply interested in some exciting subject of the day. They may be discussing the fashions for aught I know. And then there are buckles with "Moses in the bulrushes." And the beauty of these buckles chiefly consist in the fact that the child Moses is about the size of an ordinary three-months baby. I may exaggerate a *little*, but I don't mean to. There are many other fanciful devices from which to choose, but those mentioned will serve as specimens. Though to be frank and honest, I don't believe buckles will be worn *forever*. I expect some day before long to go unsuspectingly out, and walk the whole length of Union Square from Fifth Avenue Hotel to Fourteenth street and meet never a buckle on the way—to find that everything in the shape of buckles have

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And quietly stolen away."

By the way, did I not predict, all along with the other soothsayers, that the abominable fashion of building the hair up into a wonderful structure on the top of the head, leaving thereby a length of neck that would shame an ostrich or a dromedary, must be modified?

Of course I did; and they have modified it with a vengeance. To be fashionable, you must not have much *natural* hair, because it is in the way, and don't begin to "do up" with the style that attaches to the false. But a very few words on that head are sufficient, as not many ladies are likely to offend that way. The caprices of fashion have about done the business for most people.

One braid turned up from the nape of the neck to the crown is the starting-point just now. Over this, and beside it, may straggle five long curls. *Five*, recollect—neither more or less, and the longer they are the more you will be envied. On the top of the head may be placed a coronet-braid, the broader the better, and after that six finger-puffs, and a set of frizettes, if you please. If you don't consider them becoming, a lock of your own hair may be neatly crimped, or, if you are desirous of adopting the "*very latest*," the front hair may be combed down smoothly on the forehead, and scalloped in the way and after the manner of a time so long ago, few of us can recollect the beginning of it, and which disappeared before the war. But we are coming back to specie and ante-war prices, and it is only just that we should have a few of our ante-war fashions. Some people I knew at that time looked ever so much better than they do now, and possibly the fault all lies in the way they dress their hair. It isn't to be presumed that the years that have elapsed could have had anything to do with it.

I forget whether I said anything about it in my last or not—but if I did the news is good enough to repeat—we are really going to have the neat, tidy, short skirt again. Already we see many an elegantly-attired lady wearing it, and it is really a comfort to watch her upon the crossings. Three yards and a quarter is the circumference, and they are to clear the pavement all around. No touching slightly at the back, as has been the style for even short skirts, but a full and pronounced clearance. The little, dainty-footed feminine will, as before, carry the fashion to extremes; but those whom nature has given a larger understanding will doubtless err a little the other way, and as in everything else the *average* will be right. In boots nothing very new is seen, except that the toes are broader. This makes a more comfortable boot, but not nearly so pretty a one. French kid, buttoned high, with double sole, is the regulation boot for street wear.

Gloves, for the street, are in the dark, autumn colors. Brown, steel-color and black leading. For evening, pale lemon and rose tints have usurped the place of white. Opera cloaks, and all wraps for evening wear, have also undergone the same change; pale tints of orange, blue, rose and pearl being now the popular fancy. The Dolman wrap, with its large, flowing sleeves, has, for some reason, secured a firm foothold in public favor; no one thinks it pretty, yet every one wears it, and, consequently, there is little reason to hope for any change this season.

OLIVE KING.

Why Husbands Should Make Confidants of Their Wives.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Henry Hart and George Gwynn are next-door neighbors; both are married and have families. Henry is fast becoming rich; but George climbs up slowly, and why? The world attributes it to his extravagant wife. It is true Mrs. Gwynn dresses more than Mrs. Hart; not because the latter cares any less for dress than the former does; but because Mrs. Hart knows exactly what her husband's financial state is. Not only his hopes, his pleasures, are laid before her; but she also shares his troubles. When a business care oppresses him, he confides in his wife; sometimes, perhaps, she sees a way to dispel the care altogether, or if not, the trouble seems lighter to him. If she wants a new dress she says to her husband—

"Henry, I must have a new dress; how much money can you spare me?" and he replies—

"Well, wife, I cannot let you have more than $25. Money is scarce now, and I need every dollar to pay off the bill for my last lot of goods." So Mrs. Hart gets a $25 dress knowing just what she must pay for it.

But Mrs. Gwynn is kept in ignorance of her husband's business; she knows nothing of his troubles and trials, all is kept from her, and she thinks she can gratify her taste for dress now, just as she did when a girl. If she desires a new dress she says:

"George, I want a new dress to-day."

Then he says: "Very well, get it;" but he says nothing of that heavy bill just sent for his drugs, nor of the grocery bill to be paid, nor does he tell her he only has thirty dollars in his pocket. And is it a wonder his wife purchases a silk with suitable trimmings? No, but when the bill is handed to George of $75 or $100, he thinks his wife is so extravagant. How should she know how much to pay for her dress? She doesn't know that half her wardrobe is credited. She is unconscious of the heavy debts pouring in upon her husband. And so it is with most women. There are very few wives who will knowingly weigh their husbands down by extravagance. Men indulge their wives' fancies without letting them know the difficulty under which they are indulged, and then when ruin comes the world says, "His wife's extravagance ruined him."

If a man tells his wife his business cares and troubles she will help to smoothe them down, and make over her old dresses, and perhaps do without her new bonnet; but if he keeps his cares and troubles in his own bosom how can she help him? How does she know the new silk can't be paid for? If husbands will make *friends* of their wives, they will soon see the difference.

Good Manners.

Says a modern writer—if good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women, will end by behaving with politeness toward each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness, we should name "graciousness."

Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well-assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

A LAST TALK.

Come out in the garden and walk with me,
While the dancers whirl in that dreamy tune;
See! the moonlight silvers the sleeping sea,
And the world is fair as a night in June.
Let me hold your hand as I used to do;
This is the last, last time, you know,
For to-morrow a wooer comes to woo
And to win you, though I love you so.

You are pale—or is it the moonlight's gleam
That gives to your face that sorrowful look?
We must wake at last from our Summer dream.
We have come to the end of our tender book.
Love, the poet, has written well;
He has won our hearts by his poem sweet;
And now, at the end, we must say farewell—
Ah, but the Summer was fair and fleet.

Do you remember the night we met?
You wore a rose in your yellow hair;
Closing my eyes, I can see you yet,
Just as you stood on the topmost stair,
A flutter of white from head to feet,
A cluster of buds on your breast. Ah me!
But the vision was never half so sweet
As it is to-night in my memory.

Hear the viola cry, and the deep bassoon
Seems sobbing out in its undertone,
Some sorrowful memory. The tune
Is the saddest one I have ever known.
Or is it because we must part to-night
That the music seems so sad? Ah me!
You are weeping, Love, and your lips are white—
The ways of life are a mystery.

I love you, Love, with a love so true
That in coming years I shall not forget
The beautiful face and the dream I knew,
And memory always will hold regret.
I shall stand by the sea as we stand to-night,
And think of the Summer whose blossoms died,
When the frosts of fate fall chill and white
On the fairest flower of the Summer-tide.

They are calling you. Must I let you go?
Must I say good-bye, and go my way?
If we must part, it is better so—
Good-bye's such a sorrowful word to say!
Give me, my darling, one last sweet kiss—
So we kiss our dear ones, and see them die;
But death holds no parting so sad as this;
God bless you, and keep you—and so—good-bye.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—Those persons who want to know precisely how a mocking-bird sings, may ascertain by reading the following, which an eminent naturalist presents as the song of the bird:

"Zozozoz

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY MAGGIE L. SULLIVAN BURKE.

Standing silent, empty, lonely,
Heeded by no anxious eye,
It is left to shadows only,
Where the shadows deepest lie;
Father shudders as he lifts it;
Mother cannot bear the sight;
'Tis not heavy, baby's cradle,
Allie rests not there to-night.

Take it from the darkened corner,
Loop the snowy curtains wide;
Raise thy head, heart-broken mourner,
Dash those hopeless tears aside;
Let the stars serene and holy,
New baptize that couch with light,
For above its pillow lowly,
Allie sings with God to-night.

True the many hopes then nt cherished
That so soon an end have found,
Like a temple newly perished,
Leave their fragments scattered round;
But up there "a home eternal,"
Holds new hopes, supremely bright;
For, amid its joys supernal,
Allie waits for thee to-night.

JESSIE DALE,

The Conductor's Daughter;

OR,

The Plot Against the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BY BURR THORNBURY, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER'S LOVE," "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALE, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AIKE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARBURY'S DUPLICITY.

The person who had fired the shot that had so startled Cecil Parnell and the occupants of Stowell Dale's parlor, was no other than Mr. Jay Marbury.

He did it more out of mere wantonness than with any definite and immediate object. He had played the spy upon Cecil's movements since the latter had taken up his quarters in Green street, and at last had become convinced that it was indeed the conductor's daughter that drew the young man there.

Marbury said nothing to Cecil about the matter, but he decidedly wished that his youthful confederate would have nothing to do with the Dales. Something unfortunate might result from it.

He knew that Cecil was self-willed and indolently obstinate when he became interested in any matter, and that if the charms of Jessie Dale had touched his heart it would be useless to suggest a discontinuance of his regard for her.

The evening that Cecil had called on Stowell Dale, Marbury rather by chance than intention passed the house. It was the hour the young man was lingering at the window.

Marbury, from the opposite side of the street, gazing interestedly across to the house from which Beatrice Rowland had been abducted, saw and recognized the love-sick Cecil.

"If that isn't Parnell!" he exclaimed to himself, "watching at that window like an ejected spirit at the gates of Paradise! Next he will be finding his way in, and then some one will recognize him as that treacherous Annabel. It may work us danger. I will startle you a little, my fine fellow, that you may be set to thinking about something besides that simple girl."

He drew a small pocket-pistol from his person, and fired high over Cecil's head.

Hastening to the West Philadelphia depot, after having fired that wanton shot that so alarmed Cecil Parnell and the happy lovers, Jay Marbury was soon speeding on his way to New York.

Arriving there, he took up his quarters for the remainder of the night at a luxurious hotel, rising to partake of a private breakfast in the company of one of his associates. Then parting from his friend, though the hour was yet early for the object he had in view, he sought the office of Belmont Matthewson. It was in a central location, of unpretentious appearance externally, for one of such extravagant tastes as its opulent occupant, but furnished most luxuriously—a very boudoir of business in fact.

They met—the wealthy corruptionist and his well-paid and trusted agent.

"Well," said Belmont Matthewson, calmly, yet with great inward agitation, "have you found her?"

Jay Marbury gave an ominous shake of his head.

"Heavens!" exclaimed his superior, not suspecting that Marbury had lied. "Can it be that we have lost her? Have you searched the city thoroughly? employed every means to recover her precious person? I tell you, Marbury, that she *must* be found. She is a prize worth more to us than I have fully intimated to you before. Only yesterday I obtained such further evidence of her identity as would satisfy any court—should it become necessary to have close dealings with one, as I trust we shall not have—of Beatrice Rowland's just claim to one of the finest estates in America."

"Ah!" remarked Jay Marbury in intense satisfaction; and Belmont Matthewson, shrewd and sharp as he was, failed to catch the eager, triumphant expression of the former's countenance.

Let us present Belmont Matthewson more fully to the reader. A tall, finely-formed man he was, with a cold, white, passionless face—one whose mental power and activity rarely became demonstrative. To look upon him, you would not suspect what capacity for work lay hidden under that calm exterior. From his cheek every hue of health had gone, and he seemed like one who, having been used to incessant thought and labor, still kept himself up to his standard of exertion, though his physical system was rapidly failing. He gave no attention to this fact, however. The great and all-absorbing passion of his life was gain—rapacious, remorseless schemer and plotter as he was. He loved gold, it is true, but he cared less for that than for the satisfaction that he obtained when he knew that his plans and plots had prospered. He had no need of further wealth, yet he was as keen in pursuit of it as he was when, abandoning his original calling of gambler, he had found, as he expressed it, his "true vocation." To be known as the prince of speculators, as the leader in financial intrigue, as the man before whom cliques and rings and corporations trembled, was all he knew of or cared for "honor." He held his place and exercised his power, gloryling in them as a tyrant does in cruelty. Mercy he had none; conscience was long ago seared to callousness; and every affection, save love of his schemes of fraud and speculation, had died out.

Yet this man stood on the brink of the grave. But not once did he permit himself to dwell upon the subject of his eternal interests. He had no desire in that direction. This world with its splendid opportunities, with its thronging herds of human victims to prey upon, was quite enough for him. His brain was a private gold-room of excitements and cares, and he kept the door closed to all but strictly "business" thoughts.

He would probably die in harness, scheming up to the last moment.

Such was Belmont Matthewson, the man whose mind had lately conceived two ideas of personal enrichment that far surpassed any of his former achievements. The first was to grasp the control of a gigantic and immensely wealthy corporation, and use its power to his own glory; the second to make his almost imbecile son the husband of the heiress of an estate of millions, and then institute himself manager of it. Very carefully had he prepared his plans for the first attempt—keeping them well to himself, and delighting in the thought of what a sensation would be caused when he chose at last to display his triumph.

In his second enterprise he had prospered exceedingly up to the period of the escape of Beatrice Rowland from his power. He had pleased himself greatly with the contemplation of the prospect—his son wedded to the beautiful woman whose possessions would be so vast, and his own hand directing all.

"To think," continued Matthewson, after Marbury had ejaculated that complacent "Ah!" "to think that she should slip away just at this time! It is strange, Marbury, that with the means at your command you have not obtained a clue to her whereabouts. She has no friends in Philadelphia, and as she surely went there, I cannot conceive how it is that she has so utterly disappeared."

"Well, Mr. Matthewson, I do not give her up yet," said Jay Marbury, with no evidence of his deceit in his tones or countenance. "I can find her in that city if any one can. You believe that?"

"Certainly I do. I know your ability, Marbury, and as I intend to reward you munificently—"

"Speak not of that," interrupted the trickster, with effusion. "I know your generosity already."

"It shall be exceeded in this case if you continue to serve me faithfully."

"The person of Beatrice Rowland must be very valuable to you," observed Marbury.

"As the representative of the Day estate you may well think so."

Marbury mused a few moments before he ventured to ask a question that he was greatly interested in.

Making up his mind to hazard the inquiry, he said—

"She was formerly known as your daughter, Mr. Matthewson: may I ask why you ever permitted her to bear, nominally, that relationship to you?"

Matthewson frowned, but his brow soon cleared.

"I found her when she was a little child, Marbury; she must be something to me. Daughter was the most convenient term."

"And you only recently—or comparatively so—discovered that she was heiress to this estate?"

"Not a great while ago—just after that troublesome Rowland pretended to marry her."

"*Did* he marry her?"

"I will be frank with you, Marbury; yes."

"How fortunate that he is dead."

"It is exceedingly fortunate. If he were alive our cake would be dough, sure enough."

Belmont Matthewson gave no sign of guilty emotion as he spoke these words; yet the memory of a crime must have come vividly up before him.

"Never mind referring to Rowland," he said with slight impatience. "I have permitted Beatrice to retain his name, and that is all I care to be reminded of him. He was an obstinate and impertinent fellow; but he has gone under, and we shall never be troubled by him again. And yet—"

He paused.

"And yet what?" asked Marbury.

"It was a good thing that he *did* come upon the scene, for it was through some words that I caught from him, that I was first struck with the possibility that Beatrice was the very individual advertised for as the rightful claimant of the estate."

"And then you commenced investigations."

"Yes, very quietly and carefully until at last I have in my possession the most ample proof of what I seek. The testimony of one or two living witnesses is all that is at the furthest needed to substantiate the claim we hope to make. It would not be absolutely necessary to obtain other than documentary evidence, but there is one person—a quadroon—what ails you, Marbury?"

"A quadroon, you say?"

"Yes; an intelligent woman, whose mother was the nurse of the infant Beatrice; and who herself for many years was a slave in the Day family. She will now be permitted to give evidence in the courts, and can supply any fragmentary proofs needed to convince doubters of the justness of the claim we will make in behalf of Beatrice. Little tid bits of testimony, you know, Marbury, which go very far to convince disinterested persons of the truth. Of course this quadroon never knew the child now grown to be a woman, but her mother did, and there has been much talk between them about their lost young mistress. She would be apt to know much. You understand, Marbury? We can—"

"Yes, yes," responded that individual rather abstractedly, for while Belmont Matthewson had been addressing him, he had been ejaculating mentally thus—

"Can it be that Lucy the quadroon is from the Day family? If so, the fact may come out between her and my lovely prisoner, and on the strength of devotion to one who would have been her mistress, Lucy may be prevailed upon to aid Mrs. Rowland to escape. I must, if possible, secure these proofs, and hurry back to Philadelphia, or the bird will have flown."

"The quadroon, Marbury? what of her?" questioned Mr. Matthewson, somewhat sharply, not having forgotten the surprise his companion had manifested to hear that term used.

"I have a quadroon in my service in Philadelphia," answered Marbury, speaking truthfully, because he thought there was no necessity to prevaricate, "and it may be that she is the very one to whom you refer. She answers to the description you have given of her."

"Very good," returned Matthewson. "But this is a minor matter. We must not forget that Beatrice is at present out of our hands, and that unless we find her, all these millions slip from our control."

"I do not forget that," said Marbury.

His companion looked at his watch.

"I have a pressing engagement with Crofton & Co., a half hour from this," he said; "and as I wish first to see our friend Glendinning, you will excuse me. Let me hear from you immediately upon your return to Philadelphia, and daily—nay, hourly—thereafter until I learn of your success in the affair I have entrusted to your management. Look well to our other interests there, and your fidelity shall be rewarded. As to trouble to any of us arising out of disclosures that Beatrice may make in relation to our operations in our other undertakings, I do not apprehend much. She is a woman, and will tell a woman's story. Besides, I find that a vital secret, that I feared she had possessed herself of, is intact in my own possession. And now, good morning, Marbury; I must be going. My secretary in the outer office will give you any information you may need regarding matters in common."

"Ah, will he?" thought Marbury, as Matthewson left him.

"How he trusts me!" he chuckled as he made himself comfortable in the chair vacated by his superior. "The strongest man has weak points—and Matthewson, hard as iron and cold as ice to others, actually warms to me. Well, I never have deceived him before; but hang it! with a lady as lovely as Beatrice Rowland, heiress to millions, to win, it is only natural that I should look upon the thousands he will pay me as contemptible. But the game is not mine yet. I must be cautious but active."

He stepped to the door communicating with the outer office, and called—

"Sherwin."

"Sir?" responded the secretary.

"This way, if you please. I wish to speak with you."

The young man entered.

"Can you leave Gibbons in charge for a time?" inquired Marbury.

"We are busy—but if there is anything important, I can absent myself."

"There is something *very* important, Sherwin. I want you to go with me to my hotel, immediately."

"I am ready, sir," said the young man, with alacrity.

First giving a few directions to Gibbons, Sherwin put on his hat, and he and Marbury were soon in a private parlor of the hotel.

Jay Marbury was very cautious in introducing the subject that occupied his mind. He sounded the secretary in every way; and came to the conclusion to risk all and trust him.

"Matthewson has a pretty scheme afoot just now," he remarked, after considerable circumlocution.

Sherwin smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"He usually has, I believe," he observed.

"Something particularly promising," said Marbury.

"Might I inquire its nature?"

"All that I can say is, that if successful it will give him control of an immense sum of money, amounting to millions. He has employed me to assist him—and I in turn, would like to employ *you*."

"*Me!*" exclaimed the young man.

"Would you like to help me make a clean sweep of the stakes?"

"But how? I do not understand you."

The wily villain was already sure of his man, and so he said:

"I give you such a chance to fill your pockets as even Belmont Matthewson would not offer you. I will be explicit with you. I intend to take the wind out of our employer's sails, and in a way of which he cannot complain—all's fair in love and war, you know. You have seen the lady known as Mrs. Beatrice Rowland, Sherwin?"

"Yes," said Sherwin, in wonder.

"She is the heiress to the estate Matthewson has lately become interested in."

"But it is said she is to marry Mr. Matthewson's son."

"So it was planned, with what object you need not to be told. But the lady regarded the measure with extreme distaste, and to escape a union with the young man, fled from our employer's house."

"Well?"

"He offers me, to restore her to him, a sum of money that I will not name for fear of exciting incredulity in my statement. I *have* found Mrs. Rowland, Sherwin, but I have not informed Matthewson of the fact."

Marbury winked expressively. His companion understood him.

"And now," pursued the former, "I wish you to abstract from Matthewson's private papers, to which as his secretary you have access, a packet labelled 'documents of the Day estate,' the same being the proofs of the identity of Mrs. Rowland with this missing heiress. For that service I will pay you one hundred thousand dollars. Do you agree to attempt it?"

"And what do you purpose doing then?" inquired Sherwin, not instantly committing himself.

"I intend to marry the lady. You see the game is in my own hands. Close in with my offer, Sherwin; you will never get a better one, and it is getting time for us to leave Matthewson's employ anyhow."

After considerable haggling, with the object of making even a better bargain and securing a firm hold upon Marbury in case he should attempt to repudiate his offer after the work was done, Sherwin surrendered himself to the compact.

Jay Marbury pictured to him the facts of the promising matter, which even without color, were glowing enough, and the young man, having no scruples on account of the character of the transaction to overcome, forsook his hitherto valued employer at once. Who paid best he served best. Belmont Matthewson had always been generous, but Jay Marbury was princely.

"But I cannot obtain the papers for a day or two yet," said Sherwin, "perhaps not for a much longer time, for it is only on certain occasions that Mr. Matthewson takes me to his residence to assist him in the transaction of his *particularly* private business. We never do *that* at the regular office. He is a very shrewd and reticent man, and well as I know him I am not in possession of many of his business secrets. Of course the papers to which you refer are in his private safe, and I shall have to use a little stratagem to obtain them."

"But there need not be much delay," returned Marbury, uneasily. "You can abstract the documents, can you not, and come on with them to Philadelphia? By an examination of them you will see that all I have stated is true, and if you choose you can witness the ceremony of my marriage to Mrs. Rowland. The money is waiting its rightful claimant, and I swear to you, Sherwin, that you shall have your share. Watch closely your opportunity to possess yourself of the proofs, and I in the meantime will hasten back to the Quaker city to look after my bride-elect."

"You are sure you can win her?" inquired the young man.

"Perfectly; Mrs. Rowland will accept my hand if only for the sake of my protection. A woman in her position cannot afford to reject an offer of honorable marriage. Besides, she loathes young Kimball Matthewson; and even if she favored his suit, I do myself the honor to conceive that, with the inside track, I would make a very respectable rival."

Jay Marbury surveyed his shapely figure complacently, fully convinced that charms like his must prove irresistible.

Sherwin looked upon the handsome villain in admiration not only of his person, but of his confidence and "pluck."

"Marbury was always a lucky fellow," he said to himself, "and I believe he will win this time. I am with him in the venture. Here, Marbury," he continued aloud, "is my hand. Success to us both!"

"With all my heart I can say amen to that," responded he, cordially grasping the open palm.

The minor details of their conspiracy were agreed upon, and then the two separated, Sherwin returning to the office, and Marbury taking the train for Philadelphia. His impatience to be there again made the swift express seem slow. A disturbing thought ran in his mind in connection with the quadroon. If she were once to discover that her charge was the daughter of her former mistress—and such a revelation might readily be brought about, for Lucy he knew was fond of questioning and of being questioned—he feared that notwithstanding her usual faithfulness she could be prevailed upon to lend herself to assisting the prisoner to escape.

To be sure Mr. Gray was there, but the shrewd and quick-witted quadroon might circumvent him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN PLOT.

"Hetty," said Jack Clayton as he found opportunity one day, "do you know whether Mant. Edwards takes a lunch before he goes out with the night-train?"

Hetty Gandy was waiting-maid at the public house near the depot, where Engineer Edwards boarded.

"Yes, he does," said Hetty; "why do you want to know?"

"Never mind that just yet. Do you serve it, Hetty?"

"Sometimes, if I am up so late."

"Does he drink coffee?"

"Nothing else."

"And he never takes anything at the bar?"

Hetty tossed her head contemptuously.

"Not Mant. Edwards," said she; "he is too stingy."

"You wouldn't mind doing me a little service, would you, Hetty?"

She had no objection, for she had foolishly taken a fancy to the gentlemanly "rough;" but she didn't say she would expressly. She saw that Jack was up to something sly, and needed some assistance. Therefore she stood off for a bargain.

"What is it like, Jack?"

"I'll tell you after you promise, and give you a kiss besides."

Hetty was a plain, unattractive girl, and kisses didn't reach her large lips very often—especially lovers' kisses; but she wasn't to be bought *too* cheaply.

"A kiss!" she said with an affected disdain; "what is that?"

"Don't you *know?*" asked Jack, wilfully misunderstanding her.

"I mean that a kiss is nothing," returned Hetty, sharply.

"Lizzie Allen don't think so."

A jealous light leaped to the girl's eyes; her freckled face darkened wickedly. She hated Lizzie Allen. Had it not been for her, she imagined she could have been the engineer's sweetheart, and some day have her homely name of Gandy changed to that of Edwards. Hetty wanted to get rid of that part of her name; she was sick of the sound of it.

"Hetty," said the wily villain, whispering low, "never mind Mant. Edwards, *I* can be as much to you as ever he could." (She flushed brightly at these equivocal words.) "But wouldn't you like to help take him down a peg or two, and that Lizzie who is always sticking her nose up at you, with him?"

Hetty did not speak, but she looked her willingness to take that sort of revenge.

Clayton went on—

"I've a grudge—a bitter grudge—against that fellow, and I want him paid off. I want to see him disgraced. I want *her* to feel the rasp too—they're so mighty thick that what hurts one will hurt the other."

"You've changed in your feelings toward Lizzie," said Hetty, seeing her opportunity, and desiring both to probe Jack's heart in that direction, and to take revenge for his late insinuation that she never had a lover.

"Yes, I have," returned Jack, savagely; "I hate 'em both."

The girl looked satisfied as she heard this evidently genuine expression of his sentiments toward them.

"What do you want to do to Mant. Edwards?" she asked.

"I can trust you, Hetty, can't I?"

He regarded her sharply, appearing to make up his mind to proceed, as he did so.

"Here," he said.

He slipped into her hand a flashy trinket.

"I want to get Mant. Edwards *drunk*," he continued, as the girl took the bribe. "It's easy done if you will help me. Mant. don't drink at the bar or I could fix him myself. You can mix a little crazy bait with his coffee, and it will make him act so strange that he will be thought drunk, and discharged in disgrace by the company. He won't hold his head so high then."

"What sort of stuff is it?" asked the girl, exhibiting no emotion as she was made acquainted with the dastardly conception. There was a hard, demonish glitter in her eyes. "It won't kill him?"

"Oh, no; its harmless—a preparation of my own."

"I'll do as you want me to," breathed Hetty. "And then I'll have a hold on you," she added to herself.

"Take this then," said the villain, slipping a vial containing a dark liquid into her hand. "Make him a cup of half and half, you understand, and throw what's left of this away."

"Maybe he won't drink the mixture."

"Make it very sweet, and he won't object, except perhaps to that."

"He always wants his coffee sweet."

"Good; there'll be no trouble. To-night, Hetty, remember."

"What if I blab?" asked the girl.

"If you do I'll kill you."

"What if I don't?"

"And do as I want you to? I'll marry you."

They parted.

"If I fail this time," muttered Jack Clayton in wicked satisfaction, "it will be queer. If my plan don't work one way it will another. A drunken engineer and some cross-ties on the track? Ho! ho! Jack Clayton don't give up his revenges. He'll smash you and your old pet of a locomotive together, Mant. Edwards."

That afternoon he took the evening train in disguise for one of the larger upper stations.

Alighting, he walked in the darkness a mile or so down the track again, eluding observation, and bent upon the execution of his diabolical purpose.

Biding his time, just before the midnight train came along, he threw several heavy pieces of wood upon the rails, edging them in in such a way that the locomotive could not well throw them clear.

Just as he finished the work, he heard the roar of the coming train. With a low, fiendish laugh, he slunk away to await the dread result. But he had not gone far before a grip like that of a giant was laid upon his arm.

A watching form had sprung upon him.

"Caught in the act, at last, you villain!" shouted a grim voice.

Jack struggled desperately to free himself, but in vain.

"Signal the train to stop!" he heard shouted.

A dozen men seemed to have appeared upon the scene.

Some threw, or attempted to throw, the obstructions from the track. Others swung a red warning-light.

The train was stopped, but not very promptly.

"We've nabbed one of the murderous wretches!" cried a voice. "Caught him in the very act."

Cries of execration arose in response.

"What shall be done with him?"

"Lay his head on the track and start the train," suggested one.

"No, no; that is too good for him."

"Lash him to the cow-catcher and let him ride in that fashion to Trenton; there may be more cross-ties on the track."

"Lash him to the cow-catcher!" was repeated with vim by a dozen voices.

The idea seemed to meet with favor.

Jack Clayton heard these words with terror. He had caught a glimpse of the face of the engineer. It looked wild and defiant as well as revengeful; the potion was surely working. Hetty had done her part.

What if he were forced to ride on the iron prow of the train, with a drunken engineer to control it?

"Lash him to the cow-catcher!" was again shouted.

The terrified ruffian endeavored to acquaint his captors with the engineer's probable condition. He was not listened to.

"Gag him!"

"Silence the wretch!" were the cries.

It was done; and, almost swooning with horror, strong man as he was, Clayton had a piece of cloth thrust into his mouth, and was then securely bound to the cold iron frame of the cow-catcher.

"We will release him when we reach M——," said the conductor. "He will have suffered sufficiently by that time; a prison can take him then."

"All aboard!" was next shouted.

Manton Edwards had already sprung to his post—had indeed let on steam before the order had been given. His manner was not that of the cool-headed engineer, "accurately prompt," that he usually was. A nervous impatience seemed to possess him; his eyes had a look of wildness; he ejaculated strangely to himself; a drunkard's delirium was manifest in his bearing.

No one noticed him, or if an eye or two did regard him inquisitively, the conclusion was that he was simply very much excited in consequence of the new attempt that had been made to wreck his train, and with the thought of the novel punishment to be meted to the detected villain on the iron rack before him.

The train was soon moving with fearful swiftness.

Miserable Jack Clayton thought he heard the mad, drunken laugh of the engineer.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, "I'm lost; I'm trapped by my own wickedness. It's a retribution! Oh, oh!" And the deep, inward groans of the wretch seemed as if they would rend him with agony.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEARFUL RIDE.

On rushed the train. Bridges were passed with a rapid roar that told its swiftness. Stations at which it should have stopped were ignored with a grand disdain.

Jack Clayton was aware that occasional stoppages were made by that line, and he judged that from the speed of the train the town above must have been reached. But no halt had been made.

"He *is* crazy—drunken-crazy," groaned the wretch anew, "or he would have stopped at B——. I'm sure we passed the place."

Yes, they had passed it.

The few watchers and waiting passengers on the platform, had wondered that the train had thundered by with never a pause.

"What's the meaning of that?" the astounded witnesses of this movement had cried. "The Owl should stop here."

In vain the conductor pulled the bell-cord. The engineer paid no heed to the signal, except at last to cut the rope.

"*I* am to take this train through!" declared Manton Edwards to himself, with a wild, demented laugh. "I want no conductor. I know what's what. Clear the track!"

The wild triumphant whistle of the engine sounded long and loud in the night. Those terrific, apparently meaningless signals alarmed every ear they smote; but most, Jack Clayton's, for he alone knew what they indicated.

The conductor grew furious, and then white with fear.

"Has Edwards gone mad?" he thought, with sudden horror. He hurried as far forward as he could get.

"Stop the train," he shouted.

The engineer controlled the brakes in chief, but all that could be done by others to apply them was done.

Still the train sped on. Another and another station was passed.

To the helpless wretch on the cow-catcher, every moment was one of such horror as mortal never before had experienced.

What if some slower-moving train—some freight train—for he thought it probable that such might be ahead—should be overtaken and run into! What if their speed should not be slackened as the long river bridge was crossed! They might go down into the dark waters.

Suddenly a sharp, crashing stroke was delivered upon some portion of the engine. It seemed as if a giant's arm had dealt that ringing blow.

But it was a giant-arm that was broken. The piston-rod of the overstrained locomotive had given out. The great iron elbow that had worked with such formidable energy, ceased its stern play. Even the half-maddened engineer perceived this, and soon the disabled monster was brought to a complete stand-still.

Hastening forward, the irate and amazed conductor demanded to know why the train had been run at such an extraordinary speed; and why his order to halt had not been obeyed.

"Never you mind that," returned Edwards, with none of his usual respect. "*I* am running this train. Something has given out, or I wouldn't have stopped here."

The conductor was for a time too overwhelmed with astonishment to speak. Then he appeared to comprehend the truth.

"You are intoxicated, Edwards, I do believe," he said, with terrible and indignant anger. "Leave the engine this instant."

The engineer laughed insolently.

"I won't," he returned.

"What does it mean?" said the conductor, as if to himself. "It's the first time, and a strange time, and a bad time for Edwards to be drunk—but such is his condition, plainly enough. "Phillips, why did you not stop the train, yourself?"

This to the fireman. But a glance at that individual showed that he, too, was in a state bordering on the demented.

"Well, well!" gasped the conductor, "you two have got yourselves in a pretty box. You will have to sweat for this."

Both men made some insulting reply—but the conductor did not hear it in full, for he had turned to give directions to the brakemen, wondering if he would find them intoxicated too.

"Attend to the rear of the train, Wyman," he directed. "And you, Souder, hasten ahead to the next station, and telegraph that we have broken down. We want another engine and engineer, too, quick!"

The men proceeded to do as directed. He then gave his attention to the refractory pair at the engine. The passengers had gathered around, excited and angry, and fierce words had been passed between them and Edwards and Phillips.

The conductor ordered the latter to leave the locomotive. They refused to, making decidedly hostile threats. In the confusion and excitement, the prisoner on the cow-catcher had been almost forgotten, but now he reminded the others of his presence by calling out, having managed to get his mouth clear: "Don't let them start the train again. Edwards and Phillips are both drunk—crazy-drunk; I did it. Don't let them start; they'll run us into the river or off the track."

The tones of his voice were abject and terrified. In his utter fear he had made a confession even before he knew it. His words were not wholly understood just then, but they were soon afterward.

As the engineer and fireman were not to be induced to give up their post by a mere command, with the assistance of the passengers they were overpowered, to be conveyed under arrest to Trenton.

They had evidently been imbibing freely of strong drink, for, if other evidence were needed, the half-emptied bottles found on the engine attested the fact.

That either Fireman Phillips or Engineer Edwards should be guilty of such a dangerous violation of the rules of the road seemed incredible; and not until Jack Clayton's further words of confession and explanation were wrung from him, did the matter become clear.

"It's all my fault," admitted the villain, weak and penitent in the reaction that followed his terror. "I knew Phillips would drink if I once got a taste in him. So I managed to do that, and then slipped a couple of bottles of liquor in on the engine, just before they started. And I mixed, or had mixed, a fiery drop with the coffee Edwards drank, knowing it would affect him so that if the liquor was before him he would take some of that also."

"You did all that, you murderous wretch, did you?" demanded one of his hearers.

"Yes, yes," he said, almost with a wail, he seemed so nerveless and cowardly.

"And tried to throw the train from the track also?"

"Yes, yes; I wanted to make sure of my revenge. I—I—"

"You ought to be burnt."

"Yes," he again admitted. "But it would not be worse than that ride. Oh, oh! it was horrible!"

"We'll bind you there again."

"No, no!" he cried, piteously. "Take me to jail—hang me, if you will, but don't place me on that awful seat." He shuddered like one horrified in his whole being.

It was a question if the terror of his late position had not partially affected his reason.

He was taken to the smoking-car and placed under guard.

The indignation which had been aroused by the action of Edwards and Phillips now changed to sympathy and a feeling of exoneration, but neither was yet in a condition to understand all that had occurred. A heavy stupor succeeded their late wildness, and in this state they were placed on board the train, which was soon in motion again, the "relief" engine having arrived.

As the train approached Trenton, the conductor went forward to the car containing the prisoner. He had a question or two to put to him, which it had occurred to him Clayton might answer more truthfully in his present unnerved condition than later. The conductor had been pondering the villain's story, and he wondered if to obtain revenge alone he had dared to do so much.

"John Clayton," said he, sternly addressing the trembling wretch, "I do not doubt that you sought to obtain a cowardly revenge upon Engineer Edwards in doing as you have; but was there not another motive in your action? Answer me truthfully. Were you not offered a sum of money if you would bring this train to wreck?"

He fixed his keen gray eyes upon the prisoner, who quailed before him as if he were a judge passing sentence upon him.

Clayton shrunk from that questioning gaze, but hesitated to speak.

"Answer me," repeated the conductor. "Were you not *hired* to place those obstructions on the track?"

"Yes," at last he admitted. "I was hired to do that, but not to do the rest."

"It is as I thought. Give the names by which these parties are known to you."

"I dare not," trembled Clayton. "They would kill me."

"Kill you! They won't get a chance soon. You will be safe in the penitentiary for years to come."

Jack groaned. He seemed to have for the moment overlooked that means of preservation, and was unpleasantly affected to be thus reminded of it.

"Speak," demanded the conductor, determined to wring the confession from the prisoner.

"They would assassinate me, even in a jail; I wouldn't be safe from 'em there. You don't know 'em, sir."

"No, but I intend to. For the last time I ask you to give me their names. Refuse, and I will have you lashed to the cow-catcher again. I am not inhuman, I trust, but such wretches as you deserve rough treatment."

"I will tell you," gasped the villain, his old terror returning. "Jay Marbury is one, and the main one—"

"Jay Marbury!" ejaculated Stowell Dale. He had heard that name from Mrs. Rowland. It was not a genuine name, he supposed; but it represented a genuine villain. "What others?"

"Cecil Parnell and Richard Waln."

These were taken down, the conductor little dreaming that the former and the *alias* of Wilmer Dorrance were the same.

"Are there any more?"

"No, sir," answered Clayton. "These are all who have made themselves known to me."

"I must leave you now," said the conductor. "But later I will see you again. You had better make up your mind to turn State's evidence against these villains, for we may find them yet, and it will be better

for you to be against them than with them."

In a few minutes the depot was reached, and as Conductor Dale alighted on the familiar platform, it was with the reflection that life on the rail was getting to be rather exciting.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 12.)

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOLL DANCE IN THE CHARACTER OF AN INVALID.

Poor Molly Dance had been ill of a fever.

Her New York expedition had been a failure on account of her breaking down at the last moment, and Jim's anger at her want of nerve had found vent in a very harsh and abusive manner.

The unhappy woman's conscience, which she had endeavored to drown in drink, had always rebelled against her sinful life, and now as she lay sick and weak in Mrs. Worthy's old room in the down-town house, she told little Pat, who was her faithful attendant, that she was glad to think her time was nearly through.

"It isn't that I've any hope beyond this life, but I'm sick of it, too sick to want to begin it again, Pat," she said.

"That's only because you've got the blues, Molly," answered the boy, consolingly: "you were sick so long and got so weak, that I don't wonder you feel shaky all over. But old Mother Meg came down handsome, when I was up there last night, and Jim's just as smiling as a nut-cracker, and says I must take good care of you, 'cause he wants you to hurry and get well again."

"Yes," said the woman, bitterly, "they send me money, and remember to ask about me when they begin to need me; but if it hadn't been for you, Pat, I'd have died. Yes, you know it, boy, I'd have died here like a dog."

"Oh, pshaw, don't go on talking of dying, Molly, I beg of you," entreated Pat; "wait till you get old, then it seems more natural—for almost everybody gets good as they grow old, you know."

"Of course they do. There's Meg Worthy." And Molly laughed bitterly, as she cited this instance of goodness coming with years.

Pat laughed too, but shook his head and pursed up his lips with a suddenly grave air immediately afterward.

"Oh, she's an awful bad 'un, Mother Meg is," said the boy, "she hasn't any pity on no one."

He looked all around the room, and then drawing the stool, on which he sat, close to Molly's side, he said—

"See here, Molly,—don't let anyone hear us, for I found it out by sneaking at Meg's keyhole—she's got back that poor thing that lay so sick in this room when her sister came here to see her."

"What, Lucy, that got away by jumping from the window?"

Pat nodded. And then added, in a still lower whisper—

"Do you know who helped Meg to nab her?"

"No; who was it?"

"*Him*," answered Pat, with a meaning emphasis on the pronoun, "him that got her into trouble first."

"What, Ralph?"

Pat nodded several times.

The woman groaned, and dropping the face she had raised inquiringly, between her hands, rocked to and fro as if in bodily pain.

The boy watched her with great interest for awhile, and then coming closer, asked, in a whisper—

"Do you want to know how? I listened and heard the villain a-telling Meg about it, and grinning as if it was something to be proud of, the wicked sneak!"

Without lifting her face, she nodded assent.

And the boy began—

"Mother Meg persuaded him that he'd make his fortune by nabbing Lucy, 'cause the old woman knows about something Ralph's after now, and wouldn't help him till he first helped her. He was just wandering round trying to think how he'd begin to search for her, when he comes right slap down on her, making for a train to get out of town on. He told Meg it just took his breath away to meet the girl so sudden, and he could scarcely get his wits ready to speak to her all right. But he did though. He pretended that he'd been looking for her everywhere, nearly crazy; and told her a gammoning story about his uncle's being dead at last, and leaving him no money—and his coming to look for her, so that they could be poor and happy together.

"Mother Meg asked him how he'd come over Lucy in the first place, to keep quiet so long—and he laughed awful, and said he'd trumped up a story he once read in a novel, about his uncle wanting him to marry a girl he didn't love, and threatening to leave 'em both poor as church mice if they didn't. He pretended 'twas on the girl's account he kept quiet; he preferred love and poverty hisself, he said; but he made Lucy swear to keep it all secret, because of this gal's being disinherited, if 'twas found out. Them was his words. Oh, he's a deep villain, ain't he?"

"Did she go with him willingly, Pat?" asked Molly, in a smothered voice.

"When he met her in the depot, and said he'd been searching for her? Oh, yes, you bet she was all right. Why, he told Meg that she laughed and cried, and clung to his neck till he was near choked, and begged him to forgive her for ever doubting him, and said she'd been so wretched, so heart-broken and hopeless that she thought she'd die; but now she was so happy, so thankful, and all that. He called it rich, and laughed over it fit to kill hisself."

Molly started up, and the ghastly whiteness of her face alarmed the boy as he beheld it.

She threw her arms up in the air with a mad gesture, crying out—

"The cursed wretch; the heartless, pitiless, soulless villain!" and then she buried her face again as if to shut out the thought and memory of his perfidy.

Apparently the boy desired to rouse her thoroughly against the object of his own resentment; he watched her excitement—after his first momentary feeling of alarm at its strength, with great interest, and to add to it continued—

"He took her straight to Todd's crib in a carriage; but entered by the front-door, and hurried her up-stairs by a way she'd never been; for the first few hours she kept up her joy and thankfulness; but after that she fell silent, and ain't once opened her mouth since to speak to nobody. Ralph says it's because she saw Meg and heard them talking together; but the old woman's in great glee, and declares she'll make her the queen of the trade before she's done with her. She don't say no to nothing they say to her, and Jim thinks her spirit's broke, and vows he's glad of it, 'cause that was the trouble with you, your spirit never would break, and you was always ready to fly out, and make 'em trouble in a job."

The woman raised her head again, and her wet eyes showed that she had been weeping; but she didn't speak, so that Pat who had been regarding her with great anxiety broke out in pathetic entreaty—

"Oh, Molly I've told you all this a purpose to get you to help those two poor girls. There's another of 'em, Molly, she's the best one, and she feels whatever happens to her sister. Oh, do help this one to get loose from Meg and Ralph again, don't let 'em drag her into trouble, they are not like us, they're good and—and all different—you know, Moll. Oh, try and help them to keep so, won't you?"

The earnestness and passion of Pat's entreaty dignified it, and made his poor, dirty face and ragged figure look something better than it was; Moll turned her swollen eyes on him in wonder, and just as she was about to answer, a quick, hard step outside was followed by an unceremonious rattling of the door-knob, after which Jim Ball slouched into the room with his own peculiar grace.

"Well, old gal, you're sound yet, I see, though you've had a tough tug, Pat says," he remarked half propitiatingly, meantime eyeing her covertly to see how far he might venture in her present humor.

She in her turn greeted him with a cold stare.

"Oh, you came when you got ready, did you?" she retorted. "I might have died for all you did to help me."

"Didn't I send you money?" growled Jim, his habitual ill-humor getting the better of his evident desire to be friendly. "What's a fellow to do more than that, I'd like to know; I ain't no old granny with a bag of herbs to go a-doctoring."

"I suppose you hoped to have got rid of me for good," Moll said gloomily, "and the truth is I thought so myself when I lay here burning up in fever day after day."

"No, I didn't," said the man earnestly, "and to prove it I'll tell you that I came to see you to-day, because I wanted you to do something that no one else could do as well as you."

"Oh, bosh," said Molly, contemptuously, "don't you try to blarney, Jim Ball, it isn't in your line. Say what you came for—you didn't come for nothing, of course—and have done with it."

"Well, then," Jim replied, trying to laugh as if he thought Molly was being facetious, "I came up to see you first of all, and then when I'd seen for myself that you were getting all well and strong again, I wanted to ask you to give a few lessons in training to that young duck that Meg picked up on the wharf."

"I thought she'd given you the slip, Jim?"

"Well, so she did; but Meg was after her, and soon came up with her again. This time she's nailed tight, and there ain't no fear of her trying to get away any more. We need another woman in the line, you know, Moll; there's jobs that you say yourself you ain't up to, and this gal's just the one we want."

"Well, you've got her, so there's nothing more to be said about it," Molly returned, and she threw back her head wearily, and half closed her eyes.

"Oh, but we want you to train her for us," Jim said, persuasively, "she's as green as grass, and must be showed everything before she's worth a cent at a game; if you don't undertake her, Moll, the ploy's up, and there's no use of going any farther."

Then Molly began to demur and make objections; "she didn't want to have anything to do with the fool," she said, "let her go her own way and learn herself as she had done," but when Jim urgently pressed and entreated her, she gave way by and by, and finally ended by saying:

"Well, fetch her along then, and don't bother me any more about her."

Pat, who had been listening and watching most intently during this conversation, tried to stifle a groan of disappointment at this unexpected conclusion.

Moll gave him a quick warning look, and Jim, looking round in some displeasure, demanded to know "what the young fool meant by sitting there idle and poking his snub nose into what didn't concern him."

"Don't touch the boy, Jim," cried Moll, warningly, as the rough fellow made a threatening motion toward him. "Let him alone and go about your own business; if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be here to train this poor ninny of a girl for you, and then both of us would have been spared another black deed to add to the account there is against us."

"Oh, curse your preaching," muttered the man. "Pat, you go for a pint of gin, and let's have a glass together on the bargain, Moll."

CHAPTER XXVII.

DR. HEATHERTON PLAYS THE SPY.

When Dr. Heatherton left Sonbette's house after his concealment in the secret closet, he pondered long and earnestly on the possible whereabouts of his friend the artist.

Even when he knew nothing whatever of his private history, he had been convinced that some strange mystery overhung the life of Eugene.

His deep sadness, and the habitual abstraction of his manner, showed that the young man carried with him the constant presence of an unhappy secret.

He never spoke of his home, nor willingly alluded to his family, and his future seemed overhung with a dreary cloud that darkened all his aspirations, and limited his energies.

Of late, however, the physician noticed that a brighter and more hopeful element had entered into his friend's life, and softened and beautified the tendency to gloom, and even misanthropy, that had shadowed his nature.

By close observation and natural ability in reading character, Heatherton decided that Eugene was in love, that his too dreamy and melancholy heart had allied itself to a strong, bright nature possessing all the elements needed in his own.

The artist had grown happy and busy; hope awoke within him, and the future seemed to open with promise and joy. This was just before Heatherton lost sight of him; he had not seen him since Marian's parting and mysterious renunciation of the artist's love, had again plunged his soul into gloom; and he did not know any of the circumstances that had preceded Eugene's disappearance from the house on Lexington Terrace.

All he knew may be summed up in his own soliloquy the morning after his visit to Sonbette, when taking in his hand the unfinished sketch of a beautiful face that Eugene had given him with the promise to complete it some day when the inspiration returned, he took his way in the direction of Blanchard's house.

"It is evident," thought he, "that the dear boy has been bitterly and cruelly wronged by those who pretend to be his best friends. He must have early begun to suspect this injustice and false dealing, and his originally trusting and impulsive nature must have been jarred and rendered shrinking and suspicious by the painful knowledge. Powerless to assert right and demand justice, he has brooded over his cankering secret until the bloom and beauty of his life was darkened. The love of some good and noble girl has dawned on him like a blessed light in this gloom and darkness, and then all at once in the midst of his awakened energies and good purposes came the clue to his secret, whatever it is, and he has left all else to devote himself to discovering the hidden workings of those who wronged him, and to restore the right and defend the truth.

"This is well, and the object is just and good, but can he pursue it without danger among such tools as this Frenchman and his chum the housebreaker? I fear not; even now he may have fallen into trouble among them, and I shudder to think of him in such company."

Heatherton's own object in approaching the house of Eugene's supposititious parents was not clear even to himself.

He wanted to see the woman that Eugene had always evinced an intense repugnance in even naming—his reputed mother. Surely an interview with such a person must bring some light, must give at least some impression, that would explain the man Jim's strange allusions.

He had reached the terrace while thus cogitating, and glancing across the street to catch a view of the house, before crossing toward it, he beheld a familiar figure in the disguise of a countryman, lounging round the area railing, in conversation with a servant from within.

It seemed to be in relation to kitchen supplies that this discourse was held, for Heatherton could see the pretended countryman produce from a basket he held, specimen potatoes and other vegetables, and enlarge on their size and excellence to the servant, and yet he recognized him beyond a doubt to be Jim Ball, the very fellow he had heard talking about Eugene the night before.

Keeping out of sight, he waited until the disguised scamp brought his lengthened interview with Mrs. Blanchard's man to a close, and when he was quite sure that Jim was entirely out of sight he crossed the street, and ascending the steps, rang the great bronze-handled bell.

To the servant who appeared in answer to the summons, he gave a message for Mrs Blanchard to this effect: He was a gentleman who had had the honor of her son's acquaintance; he had brought with him a picture that young Mr. Blanchard had promised to finish for him, and desired to know just when he was expected home, or where he might be addressed.

The answer came very promptly—

"Would he please walk into the parlor, and Mrs. Blanchard would see him."

"Certainly," and he immediately complied, following the servant into a magnificent drawing-room, furnished with every attribute of wealth and splendor, yet having little of the grace and ease of an apartment used for the pleasure or entertainment of friends.

He was still looking around him with an observant eye, when he heard a rustle of silk, and a small and very pretty lady stood before him, regarding him with an eye no less keen nor observant than he had bestowed on her drawing-room and its appointments.

"Mrs. Blanchard?" he questioned, rising and bowing, as he saw her glance from his card, which she held, to his face.

She bowed in return, and said she was glad to meet any one who had known her "poor errant boy Eugene."

She spoke in a sad, pathetic tone, suggestive of stifled tears, and her eyelids drooped softly as she shook her head and sighed.

"You knew that my dear son had left us in a manner unaccountable to any one, who does not know the very painful affliction under which he labors."

She paused and looked at Heatherton full in the face, and a man with less command over his muscles would have betrayed in his expression any thought he might have dissentient to her words; but he was singularly gifted in that power which gives its possessor a key to another's mind, without betraying any secret of its own, so he merely shook his head slowly, and said he had heard that Mr. Blanchard had left town, but nothing more.

"My son's father was my former husband, now deceased," Mrs. Blanchard continued in a tone of grave and winning confidence. "Mr. Blanchard, though in all respects a father to Eugene, did not marry me until the boy was five years old, and two years an orphan. I tell you this," she added after an instant's pause, during which she appeared to struggle with some emotion of a painful nature, "I tell you this because I want to account for my poor child's hereditary misfortune, which alone explains much that is strange, and to the stranger's eye blamable in his character. I had rather make a mortifying confession than allow the poor fellow to suffer unjustly. *Eugene's father was insane, and my unfortunate boy inherits the terrible curse.*"

Dr. Heatherton's object was discovery, not argument. He received this information, given in a tone of faltering sorrow, as if he firmly believed every word of it, and expressed deep sympathy with the unhappy mother.

"It is not a constant or continuous disease," she hastened to say, "the attacks are only occasional, though alas they have lately grown alarmingly frequent, and on the night before his sudden departure, he evinced peculiar symptoms that seemed to mark a more than usually severe visitation of his malady."

She spoke in a singularly low tone, and drew very near him in speaking, as if she feared to be overheard by some one near by.

Seeing that Heatherton noticed this, and also followed her anxious glance as it wandered round in search of a listener, the cunning woman said quickly as if to allay any wakening suspicion—

"You see I am anxious and ill at ease, and I can easily explain the reason to you. I have another child, a daughter, a girl of timid and delicate organism. Her miserable brother's unbridled violence so alarmed and terrified her, that she has scarcely been herself since his departure, and any allusion to him is sure to startle her fearfully. I speak low lest she should be within ear-shot."

He received this explanation as he had done all she had said, with profound attention, and making many excuses for troubling her under the circumstances, again producing his picture as its cause, rose to take his leave.

But Mrs. Blanchard was not content so to part with him.

She was an actress who was always in danger of overdoing her part, and the fear that this gentleman might have some knowledge of Eugene he did not mean to disclose, made her induce him to linger and repeat to him in different forms the story with which she was eager to impress him, namely, her son's lunacy.

He was willing to stay, and by doing so only carried out the plan with which he had started. Every fresh proof of her subtile invention she offered, only made it more conclusive to him, that she was capable of any wicked or unscrupulous act in the effort to gain a desired end. The readiness with which she manufactured instances of Eugene's aberration of intellect, showed him how versed she was in deception and falsehood; and after an hour spent in her society, he needed no farther clue to his poor friend's morbid unhappiness and suspicion.

He could easily see that on her part she was dissatisfied with the result of their conversation. He had heard all, and told nothing, and she was gradually beginning to suspect him of determined reticence.

"You know Eugene," she said, as they stood in the hall to which she had followed him, after his taking leave in the parlor, "yet I have not heard you say anything that would lead me to suppose you were friends."

She looked into his face with her bright, restless eyes, unveiled by any of their artificial softness, and glancing deep, sharp-set suspicion directly into his.

"If he were really your friend, cannot you give me some proof, some hint." She paused and looked at him again.

He moved back toward the entrance door, bowing as he went.

"A true friend would no more betray another's confidence, than a real mother would endeavor to belie her absent son," he said, and then turned round to leave.

A very beautiful girl, with a sad but lovely face, crowned with ringlets of pale gold, and marked at the moment by an expression of intense eagerness, was standing at the door he turned to open. She put out her hand as if to stay him, and her lips moved nervously as if she longed to address him, but was checked in part by her own nervous anxiety.

Mrs. Blanchard sprang forward and caught her arm.

"You here, Violet," she exclaimed, "what does this mean—you went to walk in the park!"

"I have just returned," the girl cried, with timid earnestness, "this gentleman knows my brother, I feel. I know he does."

Her mother threw her arm round her, drawing her out of the vestibule with frenzied haste; and at the same time pointing with her disengaged hand, for the doctor to go.

He obeyed quickly; he had seen enough to rest upon for that once.

The story the people at Sonbette's told was true. Eugene was not that woman's son, and she was his enemy.

She feared and hated the object of her persecution and evil deeds, and had hoped by her sharp watchfulness to discover whether Heatherton knew where he then was.

Failing in this, her anger overcame her hypocrisy, and she showed him for an instant her unmasked face, in return for which he had given her a sentence that roused at once her wrath and terror.

"She is a coward," he thought as he descended the stone steps outside. "She has driven Eugene to desperation, and now suffers the vague horrors of fear. That sweet-eyed girl loves my friend as if he really were her brother. What a lovely flower to bloom in the splendid desert of a house like that!"

He stood irresolute as he reached the pavement, for though he had convinced himself that Rosetta's tale was no fraud, and that Eugene had a prize worth striving for in the future, yet he did not feel one inch nearer to his friend; and the obscurity surrounding his present retreat was as dense as ever.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AROUSED SUSPICION.

I will complain, yet praise—
I will bewail, approve—
And all my sowre-sweet days
I will lament, and love.—*Herbert.*

Lord Nortonshall's sudden appearance at the old gamekeeper's lodge was certainly as unexpected as it was unpleasant for all parties; but we must go back in the story for several days to explain the cause of his bursting in upon the dying moments of old Hannah, and his behavior on that occasion—behavior which was but the beginning of Alma's misery, and which led hereafter to so much unhappiness for the poor young wife.

About a week previous to his wife's journey from Paris—a journey fated to be so unfortunate in its results—Lord Nortonshall was sitting in the smoking-room of his club. Lounging on the soft-cushioned divan which ran the entire length of the room, and gazing at his lordship with a slight expression of contempt upon his features, but so carefully concealed that its object never noticed the look, was Austin Bertram.

He was very intimate with Lord Nortonshall now—intimate, that is, with the sort of freemasonry which unites all worldly, heartless men; and they earnestly discussed their various pursuits with a freedom of language which showed very plainly that they perfectly understood each other's code of morality.

Insensibly, Bertram contrived to lead the conversation to the point he wished, and his lordship began to speak of La Claudia, and so adroitly was it done that the peer never imagined but what he had himself commenced upon the subject, and spoke without reserve of his passion for the lovely actress, and her cold avoidance of him.

"She's out and out the most infernal little prude it was ever my bad fortune to meet, Bertram, that's what she is," he said, leaning back in his luxurious chair, and lazily puffing off rings of smoke in various eccentric ways, while his companion smoked in a more sedate and methodical fashion. Austin Bertram never played with his "small vices." He smoked, as he did everything else, deliberately, and with a view to getting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment out it.

"You'll find no road to La Claudia's good will, my lord, through diamonds; and in this most Christian land there is, unfortunately, a prejudice against a man having more than one wife—at a time. On the whole, my lord, I think you'd better not waste your time over her any longer, but lead a virtuous life and be content with the goods the gods provide you."

"Meaning my wife, I presume?"

"Exactly."

"Hang her!"

"By all means—hang her!" repeated Bertram, coolly. "Do as you please with her, for all I care. I don't stand high in her favor, I can assure you. But there's another obstacle in your way. Even if my lady were hanged as high as Haman, you'd be no nearer La Claudia."

"Why not?"

"She loves young Vavasour."

"I know that, curse him!" cried his lordship, savagely. "Can't you find anything more agreeable than that to tell me? If not, hold your row?"

"You are polite, my lord."

"Why do you provoke me, then? I tell you what it is, Bertram, I'm a miserable man. I'd give something to be a free man once more, and that pale, peaky-faced chit, with her red eyes, whom I call wife, might go and marry his satanic majesty, if it so pleased her. I was a happier fellow in those old days."

Austin Bertram smiled as he thought of the atmosphere of debts and duns in which Lord Nortonshall had lived before his marriage. Alma's fortune had cleared off his liabilities, and he was a solvent man once more; but he forgot the benefits he had received at her hands, and was now, after the manner of his kind, tired of her.

"I don't imagine that you'd care to have all your old embarrassments back," sneered his friend.

"So I had my freedom, I don't care," the peer replied. "I should get out of them somehow. I'd give anything to be free. What the deuce are you grinning at? I'll warrant you wouldn't laugh if you were tied to a woman you cared not a jot about, and would give the world to have your neck out of the noose."

"I was not aware that I grinned. I was thinking of something that you said. Now, what would you give for your freedom?"

"What would I give? Anything."

"You really wish to be rid of her?"

"Yes. I'm sick and tired of married bliss, as they call it."

"Would you give the price of a divorce?"

"A what? Pshaw! She would never think of such a thing. There are no grounds for her to go upon. I never illused her, and she has a good allowance."

"I was not thinking of her claiming one."

"What! Why, zounds, man! as for getting a divorce from her, if that is your meaning, I couldn't get rid of her!"

"Perhaps?" said Bertram, in an enigmatical tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not so sure that the thing is so impossible as you deem it."

"That's going too far, Bertram—much farther than I can stand! I'm a bad lot myself, and I don't believe that there's one good woman in a thousand, but I'm sure Alma is one of them. She and I may quarrel, may not agree, shouldn't if we were man and wife for a thousand years: but she's a good woman for all that, and none shall say to the contrary in my presence, though he were the dearest friend I had on earth."

"I meant no offence, Nortonshall," replied Bertram, quietly; "but I did not speak without foundation."

"What! For any accusation against her?"

"We will change the subject, my lord. I have made a mistake. I have heard you speak so freely of your wife, or I should not have so presumed."

"Nay; you have said either too much or too little, Bertram. If the latter, let me hear what more you have to tell. What do you mean by saying you have foundation for your innuendoes?"

"What would you say if I told you that which would put you one step on the road to a divorce?"

"You?"

"Even so."

"Pshaw! the thing's impossible! I have means of knowing that my wife has been leading a most discreet life in Paris."

"Ah! I have no doubt you have your sources of information, my lord—it would, doubtless, be very convenient to catch her tripping. Watching may do a great deal, but it cannot interfere with correspondence. Lady Nortonshall has a favorite friend—since you are incredulous I will not use a stronger term—here in London, to whom she writes in endearing terms which she would hardly care for you to read."

"I'll not believe it."

"Do as you please. But what if I can prove it?"

"How?"

"That is my secret. I know for a fact that your wife has a lover in London to whom she writes—I can give you proof of the fact, and, when the time comes round, bring you face to face with the man himself."

"Who is he?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Frank Vavasour?"

"Even so—the man whom you supplanted in her ladyship's affections, from whom you stole her, as they believe."

"And she dares to write to him?"

"Yes."

"How do you know this?"

"Is it not sufficient that I do know it?"

"Have you seen the letters?"

"I have one in my possession now. I came by it accidentally—that is to say, I found it."

"Stole it, perhaps," broke in his lordship, coarsely.

"H'm! that's rather a hard word, my lord. At any rate, I've got it, and there is quite sufficient in it to enable you to see the state of things."

"Let me see the letter."

"I'll look it up as soon as I get home. Stay! I believe I have it with me. Yes, by Jove, it's here in my pocket-book. You know the writing?"

"I ought to. So, my lady," continued Lord Nortonshall, as he read the letter over with a wicked light in his eyes, "I have you now."

He perused the piteous lines his wife had penned in the anguish of her heart to the man she had loved, and imagined to be dying. In his eyes it was a proof of the blackest guilt upon her part, and he condemned her unheard.

"Curse her!" he exclaimed, angrily, crushing the letter in his hand. "This is what she does under the cloak of her innocence! Her heart is broken, is it? It may break, but he has played the comforter for the last time."

He left the room without taking any further notice of his informant, who gazed after him with a baleful smile.

"The train is well laid," he muttered; "it needs but a spark to light it."

On the morning of the day which saw Alma's return to Westerpark, Lord Nortonshall had business which took him to Windsor. As he left the booking-office, he heard a voice he knew well asking for a ticket for the nearest station to Westerpark. It was Frank Vavasour.

"What can be taking him there?" he asked himself, as he watched him getting into a carriage. "Has it anything to do with her, I wonder?"

He caught himself pondering on this several times during his journey, and the same thought was strangely in his mind as he returned. He had a companion with him, who remarked upon his absence of mind several times, but could get at no other reason than a suspicion that his friend had lost money, or quarrelled with La Claudia.

Silent and *distrait* his lordship certainly was, and he was not roused from his abstraction until they reached Paddington.

"Half-past one," said his companion, looking at his watch. "Just in time."

"For what?"

"To get round to the other side, and catch Dacre before he starts. He sails from Bristol to-morrow, and leaves here by the two o'clock train to-day. Will you come round with me? I have not wished him good-bye."

"With all my heart. Dacre's a fellow I rather like. Where's he off to?"

"To take command of his ship. His wife is broken-hearted at the separation."

"She's a model wife, then," said Lord Nortonshall, with a grim smile. "Most ladies are only too glad of their liberty to be grieved over the absence of their husbands."

As he was speaking, they made their way round to the departure platform, where they found Mr. Dacre—a handsome-looking young officer, rather sad in appearance, for he was leaving home for a long foreign service.

Lord Nortonshall was smiling a last adieu after him as the train moved slowly away. His hand was yet up, and the smile still upon his face, when in the next compartment, her face turned toward the window, he saw his wife!

"Alma!" he exclaimed, and darted forward—but the carriage had passed.

He was so astonished at the unexpected apparition that he could not speak, and the remembrance of having seen Frank Vavasour journeying in that same direction only a few hours ago, made him gasp with rage and passion.

"Gone after him!" he muttered, staring after the departing train. "Curse her, the smiling, white-faced—"

His friend came up at this moment, and laid his hand on his arm.

"Why, Nortonshall, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he growled, in reply. "Come along—let us get away from here. Stay, excuse me for one moment."

He turned to a porter who was standing near.

"Here, my man," he said, "did you see a lady in a blue travelling-dress, all blue, trimmed with velvet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was she alone?"

"No, sir—with another lady."

"Old or young?"

"Couldn't say, sir—her veil was down."

"Did you put their luggage in?"

"Yes, sir—only one package."

"Where for?"

"Beachfield, sir—small station below Reading—belongs to some gentleman's seat, I think."

"Yes, Westerpark—thank you," said Lord Nortonshall, with a strange set face, slipping a *douceur* into the man's hand as he spoke. Then, turning to his companion, who was looking rather bewildered at these queries, he said, "I'm really sorry to keep you so long. I wonder which of these hansoms will take me fastest. I've business on hand that won't keep, I can assure you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE TRACK.

A woman hath in every state
Most need of circumspection; most of all
When she becomes a wife. She is a spring
Must not be doubted: if she is, no oath
That mouth can utter will so purge the stream
That men will think it pure.
—*Sheridan Knowles.*

The gentleman who was with Lord Nortonshall at the station thought his conduct very strange. He, too, had seen the sweet, sad face which had looked out of the window; but not knowing her ladyship, of course could not understand why the sight of it should so painfully affect his companion. He had also partly heard the colloquy with the porter, which was all Greek to him.

He deemed it best to bid his lordship good-bye at the station, and let him go his way alone. Lord Nortonshall returned his salute very curtly, and drove off at a furious rate, evidently encouraging the driver by liberal promises as he lashed his horse to its utmost speed. In a very short time they reached the residence of Mr. Bertram.

"Wait," was the order given to the cabman, and an impatient peal at the bell summoned the landlady.

"Mr. Bertram, is he in?"

"He is, sir."

"I wish to see him. Show me to his room—I have no time to lose."

Austin Bertram was utterly astonished at seeing Lord Nortonshall, at such a time.

"Why, what wind has blown you here?" he said. "I thought you went out of town for the day."

"So I did—but accident sent me back again. No, by Jove, it wasn't accident. It was destiny—*fate—kismit*—or whatever you choose to call it."

"What do you mean—and what's the matter with you, man? Here, sit down—you're shaking all over. Have something, and then tell me what has happened."

"Give me some brandy, if you have it. My teeth are chattering confoundedly. It's cold, I think."

"Cold! It's deuced hot. How will you have it—neat?"

"Yes."

Austin Bertram poured out a glass of brandy and handed it to his friend, who drank it off at a gulp.

"That's better," he said, setting down the glass. "That puts a little life into a fellow. Bertram, your story was true, though I doubted it when I heard it."

"What story?"

"Pshaw! don't affect to misunderstand me. The story of my wife's love for that scoundrel, Vavasour. Correspond with him—why, that's nothing! She's gone to meet him at Westerpark."

"To meet him! Why, what on earth are you talking about? There must be some mistake in it."

"There's no mistake. I saw him take his ticket to the nearest station to Westerpark this morning by the train I went by, and not half an hour since I saw my wife, Lady Nortonshall, on her way to the same place. Oh, I'm quite correct. I saw the porter who labelled her luggage for the same station. By Heaven, Bertram, it's too barefaced! I could not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

"I can't believe it yet."

"Why, don't you think I know my own wife? I was as close to her as I am to you now."

"Of course you know her, my dear fellow. That's not it: but I think there's some mistake still. She may be gone for something very different. Go home and sleep on it, and by to-morrow there will come some solution to the puzzle, you may be sure."

"Sleep on it—sleep on the knowledge that she is wandering about the woods at Westerpark with her old lover—sleep on the idea that they are meeting and making love to one another, while I am fooling my time away in London. I couldn't do it, Bertram; I should go mad."

"Then what will you do?"

"Do—why, go after her and take her away from their precious meeting to-night."

"If they have met?"

"If? There is no 'if.' I shall find them together, and if I do—"

"Well?"

"London has seen the last of my lady. I'll find other abiding-places for her, and as for him—well, that will come after; but if he lives to boast of his conquest it will be no fault of mine. Will you come with me?"

"To the station? Oh, yes, if you like."

"Farther than that—to Westerpark."

"No, thank you: I've no fancy for mixing myself up in other people's matrimonial disputes. I will do anything in town for you."

"Make some excuse to Claudia for me—no matter what—so it is not the true one. I was to have seen her to-night. Don't let her forget me."

"Rich admirers are not easily forgotten," said Mr. Bertram, with a sneer. "The diamonds with which you have enhanced your love in that quarter will 'keep your memory green,' you may be sure. But about young Vavasour—his journey must have been a very sudden affair. I saw him yesterday, and he mentioned nothing about it; indeed, he was making plans for to-day, which I am quite sure did not include such a long journey as from London to Westerpark."

"Bah! Twaddle to turn you off the scent! Her wishes would draw him anywhere; but I am afraid I shall spoil their meeting. Good-bye, Bertram; my train starts at half-past four. I've only just time."

"Good-bye, if you will go," Mr. Bertram replied, "and I hope you will not find things so black as they seem now. My best remembrances to Lady Nortonshall and Mrs. Eversfield. I suppose she is with her?"

"Some one is with her—her aunt, by the description. Once more, good-bye!"

And hurrying off, he had driven away from the door before Austin Bertram had recovered from his astonishment at his arrival.

"Well," he said to himself, as the cab rattled off, "the drama is in full swing now. I think the *dénouement* is coming about sooner than I expected, after all!"

Meanwhile, Lord Nortonshall was speeding away as fast as the express could carry him toward Westerpark, his heart full of bitter rage and jealousy, vowing all sorts of vengeance against his unoffending wife and Francis Vavasour.

The thought of there being any other reason why they should be there except to meet each other never entered his head. He thought only of the fact of their being there at the same time, and chafed and fumed accordingly.

At the little station there was but one conveyance waiting, and he secured it, pushing almost rudely by some other passengers who were waiting their chance of getting to the village, and bidding the man roughly to drive fast.

In a very few minutes he was at the hotel, startling the landlady by his abrupt appearance, and the driver by the surly way in which he flung his money to him. It was unlike what they had hitherto known of Lord Nortonshall, who was usually courteous in his manner to his inferiors.

"Let me speak to you a minute," he said to the mistress, drawing her aside a little. "My wife, Lady Nortonshall, is she here?"

"Certainly, my lord," the woman answered, in surprise; "my lady and Mrs. Eversfield are both here. They came down in the afternoon train, and engaged rooms. Ours is but a poor place for her ladyship; but—"

"Good enough!" he said, fiercely. "Show me to her room at once, without announcing me!"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, my lady is out."

"Out!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where is she gone?"

"To the lodge, I believe. Old Hodgson's wife is dying, and I understood her ladyship to say she had sent for her to come and see her."

"A mere excuse, and he is gone with her, I suppose?"

He recollected himself in a second when he saw her look of amazement, and would have given much to recall the sentence he had uttered. She had no idea what he meant, however—she only thought his manner strange and rude. He was bursting with rage, and could hardly keep from blustering out the reason for his hot-headed pursuit of his wife to all whom it might or might not concern. She answered him, innocently enough—

"He, my lord! It was Mrs. Eversfield who came down with Lady Nortonshall—no one else."

"And is she gone with her?"

"No, my lord."

"Of course not. Which is her room?"

"I will tell her."

"No, you won't. No announcing—no time to make up a story. Show me the door, and I'll announce myself to my good friend, Mrs. Eversfield."

The landlady indicated the door, and went away to her own regions, immediately confiding her belief to her husband that Lord Nortonshall had gone mad, he was so wild and queer in his manner and words.

Mrs. Eversfield really was overcome by fatigue. She was not a young woman, and the long journey from Paris, without sufficient rest, had knocked her up.

She knew that Alma was safe, little dreaming of the meeting that had taken place not half an hour after she left the house, and she settled herself down to enjoy an hour's thorough quiet.

The landlady officiously did all in her power to make her comfortable. She brought pillows and cushions, and made up a bright fire, and recommended successively everything eatable and drinkable in the house for the benefit of her customer; but Mrs. Eversfield would take nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit.

A quarter of an hour's refreshing rest considerably restored her, and she lay in the lassitude which succeeds great exertion, thinking, till she fell into a doze.

From this she was aroused by the hasty opening of the door, and started up in alarm, to see her niece's husband standing before her.

"Nortonshall!" she exclaimed, hardly able to speak from sheer amazement. "You here!"

"Yes, madam," he replied, with the outward coolness which some men can assume to cover great excitement. "I have come to fetch my wife—to stop, if I can, the shameless meeting she has arranged here with her old lover."

"Are you going mad, my lord? Alma has made no arrangement. We came here alone, and the cause of our coming—"

"Oh, I have heard the reputed cause, madam; but do not try to deceive me with so shallow an artifice. She came here to meet Francis Vavasour."

"She did not."

"Oh, it well becomes you to feign ignorance now, when you must have been cognizant of her intention. Do you mean to tell me that you followed that man down here without knowing it, or that he came to Westerpark without the knowledge of your being about to visit this place?"

"I do not know what you are talking about, my lord," Mrs. Eversfield said, angrily. "You insult your wife and myself by your absurd suspicions, and I must beg of you to leave my room. I am both fatigued and unwell, and therefore unable to argue with you in your present state, which I can only attribute to a temporary aberration of intellect, or to your having taken too much wine."

"You play your part to perfection," he hissed, between his teeth; "but it won't do. Francis Vavasour is here. I saw him start on his journey, and you, who should uphold my wife in keeping up the semblance of virtue at least, have brought her here to meet him."

"As I am a living woman I have not, Nortonshall. You will repent all this when you come to your senses."

"We shall see. Where is she?"

"Gone to the lodge, to see old Hannah."

"Alone?"

"No; one of the servants went with her, at her own request."

"To return alone, doubtless. It would hardly be convenient to have company both ways."

"You are wrong again. Hodgson will bring her back."

"And allow no time for a precious meeting. It would be too cruel."

"As I live, Nortonshall, I believe you are mad! Alma and I know no more of that young man's movements than a baby. If he is here, it is by no contrivance or wish of ours. You do your wife a grievous wrong to say so."

"Do I? We shall see. I am going to seek her. Where I find her I shall find him, or I am much mistaken. Nay, you must not accompany me," he went on, as Mrs. Eversfield rose from her seat. "I can bring her back, never fear."

"I could not come with you if I would," she said, sinking back. "I was worn out and ill before you came, and your brutality has terrified me exceedingly."

She burst into tears of mingled weakness and weariness as she spoke, and he left her with a fierce bang of the door.

She sat trembling, and dreading she knew not what, after he went away. She really believed he had lost his senses, and began to fear he might do something desperate.

She had no idea of Frank's presence in the neighborhood; consequently, much of what his lordship had said was utterly incomprehensible to her. She sat shivering and trembling for nearly an hour, and at the end of that time she heard his returning footsteps coming along the quiet street.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FACE TO FACE.

I will not take him by the throat and strangle him,
But I could do it—I could do it!
It is not now a time.
—*Virginius.*

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Eversfield to herself, as the door banged after the retreating figure of her niece's husband, and she sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief, "what an excitable man he is. Thank goodness he has gone. Ah, he's like all the rest—fancies that, no matter what his own conduct may be, his wife's must be, like Cæsar's, above suspicion. He's a madbrained fool, and, unless he is very careful, will drive Alma to an estrangement.

And the lady, with a portentous sigh over the disagreeables attendant on her position as *chaperone*, tried to dismiss the subject from her mind; but it would return, and filled her with a vague feeling of uneasiness which she found it difficult to dispel.

"What on earth could have put such an idea into his head as to look for Frank here?" she asked herself. "Pshaw, the thing's impossible!"

But, as the reader is aware, she was mistaken on this point, as she would have confessed had she but known what was passing in the park even at that moment; but she was all unconscious of the singular meeting which had taken place there between Alma and her quondam lover, and so betook herself to her sofa again, feeling not a little aggrieved at being thus hunted down and spied upon, as she called it, by her nephew-in-law.

"I don't care," she muttered. "I'll have nothing further to do with it. I wash my hands of the whole affair. That man is enough to drive one into a state of semi-lunacy, I declare."

She quite ignored the fact that she had been the prime mover in promoting her niece's marriage to that same man, and how she had schemed and manœuvred to induce Alma to accept him. She only looked upon him now as a heartless tyrant, who spent his wife's fortune, and seemed to care little or nothing for her happiness or comfort.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "a fine wildgoose chase he'll have looking for young Vavasour here. Alma was a fool to come scampering over the country in this fashion after an old woman; but she has done nothing wrong, and if her precious husband comes back here, he'll get a piece of my mind, that's all I've got to say. Good heavens, Nortonshall! What is it?"

Her frightened utterance of the last words was caused by his lordship's sudden entrance into the apartment. He rushed in without knocking, and if she had been alarmed at him before he started on his apparently ridiculous errand, she was doubly frightened now.

"So, you are here," he cried, his face distorted with rage, and his features working with suppressed passion.

Mrs. Eversfield started to her feet, and recoiled from him in terror.

"What is it? Has anything happened?" she inquired with her hand upon the bell, for she was terribly frightened at his strange manner.

"Has anything happened!" he repeated, in a mocking tone. "No, nothing, nothing—at least, 'tis nothing now. I have only discovered that, when it suits her convenience, a lady does not scruple to tell a white lie. Bah! a white lie, did I say? No, by heaven! but the blackest and foulest that ever was invented."

"Who has lied to you, my lord?"

"You," he retorted, and she drew herself indignantly up at the insult.

"Remember, if you please, that you are speaking to a lady, Lord Nortonshall," she said, in a cold tone, though she was trembling in every limb with fear.

She thought he must be going mad.

"Oh, yes, I remember that perfectly, madam; but for that remembrance I might have murdered you."

"What have I done?"

"Done! How dared you tell me that Frank Vavasour was not here?"

"I told you truth—he is not here."

"You told a lie, madam, and you know that he is here."

"My lord," said the poor lady, and her terror was getting very great now, "I do not understand you."

"Oh, it is no time for us to choose words, Mrs. Eversfield. I have seen your paragon—your *preux chevalier*—within this last quarter of an hour."

"But with no knowledge of mine, nor Alma's, if he is here."

"Of course not; how could it be," he replied, sneeringly, then with a sudden burst of passion, "not with her knowledge! When I find her in his arms, when I see him fold her to his breast and press lip to lip unchecked and unresisted! Not with her knowledge, forsooth, when I hear her tell him that she has never loved any one else, that she owes nothing to me, by heaven! But she shall, though that—but I cannot recall it. The day of reckoning has arrived, and it shall be a terrible one. As for your share in this most virtuous plot, madam, I owe you some thanks, since it has opened my eyes to the faith and virtue of my wife. Rest assured that I shall not forget the obligation, and for the future I will relieve you of your charge, and take my matrimonial duties on my own shoulders. I shall know better how to fulfil them after this escapade of hers."

Mrs. Eversfield heard him with her ears, but in such a maze of bewilderment that she could not in the least understand what he meant, and his wild words and excited manner seemed to her the veriest ravings of a madman.

"I do not understand a word of what you have said," she began, with outward calmness at least. "If that young man is really here—"

"If!" thundered his lordship; "I tell you that I saw him, heard him speak, and you say *if* he is here."

"Permit me to finish, my lord. I say that if that young man is here, it is strange that no one should have seen him, and told me, and it is entirely without the knowledge of myself or Alma. You have been polite enough to call me, in plain words, a liar, and were the affair one which affected me alone, I should decline any further communication with one who can so utterly forget the decencies of society; but for my niece's sake, I will say what is due to her, and, if you please, show you the letter which was the cause of our journey."

"Thank you, I have seen the cause of her journey already," he replied, with a sneer. "I need no further evidence. If my lady has brought any luggage with her, be so good as to order it to be put together; she will leave this place to-night."

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"See to her safety myself."

"But she has had no rest for two nights—never since we left Paris."

"Probably her anxiety to see her lover was too great," he retorted, coarsely. "But I will endeavor to make her journey as little fatiguing to her as possible."

"Where are you going to take her?"

"To——. But no, on second thoughts, madam, I'll keep that to myself. I am going to fetch her now. I know where to find her."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and ordered supper to be served for one in half an hour, and then strode off, leaving the people of the inn greatly astounded at his manner and proceedings.

Fiercely Lord Nortonshall strode through the village till he reached Hodgson's door, where he was met by the hired woman, to whom he was a stranger.

"You can't come in sir," she said, civilly; "there's death in the house!"

"My wife is in the house!" he said, furiously. "Stand aside, and let me pass."

James Hodgson made his appearance at this juncture, his wrinkled face wet with tears, and he spoke with the dignity which grief sometimes imparts to the humblest—

"She speaks the truth, my lord," he said. "My poor old wife lies dying; she will have looked her last upon this world before another sun has risen on it. Do not disturb her last moments, my lord, for the love of Heaven!"

"Did you fetch my wife here?"

"I did, my lord, but with no thought of harm. I wrote to her ladyship—or, rather, I got a letter wrote—for Hannah, my old wife, yearned day and night to speak to her again. Oh, my lord, let her depart in peace!"

"I will make no noise, my man, but I must have Lady Nortonshall away from here—from that fellow's presence—or I shall forget myself altogether. I'll reckon with him afterward?"

He strode up-stairs as he spoke, and greeted his terrified wife in the manner we have seen. She rose from the bedside of the dying woman without a word, and left the room with him in obedience to his command.

Frank followed them. For her sake, he dare not defy this man, but his blood boiled at the enforced control he had to exercise.

When they reached the lower room, Alma turned to her husband, and spoke—

"You are making some mistake," she said, coldly, "and wasting precious time. I have come here to learn something regarding my father's death, and every moment is of value. Allow me to return, if you please."

She spoke coldly and defiantly, though she was in mortal terror, but she concealed it admirably.

"You will go with me to the inn," he replied, "and be thankful that I have discovered your perfidy in time to stop your scandalous proceedings. I will take care that nothing of the sort occurs again."

"My lord," Frank began, "allow me—"

"Be patient, sir, I will talk to you afterward," his lordship hissed between his set teeth. "If you are not a coward as well as villain, you will come with me to the inn likewise, and face me like a man."

"I will come, Lord Nortonshall, for your wife's sake, whom you are wronging by your base suspicions."

"Suspicions! bah! I will not bandy words with you, my heroic young spark. I saw her in your arms. Do I want any further proof? If you have any tender adieus to make, better speak them now. You will not be likely to meet again."

"Unmanly coward!" exclaimed the young man, whilst the unhappy Alma stood as if turned to stone, neither speaking nor moving.

"Now madam," said his lordship, "if you are ready, we will go."

But she walked past him, and held out her hands to Frank.

"Good bye," she said. "You know that I am innocent of any wrong-doing. Whatever becomes of me, I feel as though I were going to my death. Good-bye?"

"Good-bye?—Heaven help you?" he responded. "There will come a day, Lady Nortonshall, when your perfect innocence will be fully proved."

He pressed her hand respectfully, and only saying to Lord Nortonshall that he would follow him directly, turned and went up-stairs again. But it was too late. Whatever secret the old woman had to tell would remain unknown to the end of all things. Her mind was wandering now, and could not grasp any single idea for more than a moment at a time. Time had narrowed to a few short hours for her, and the remainder of her frail life was soon to be swallowed up in the mighty abyss of eternity.

And Frank Vavasour, with his heart weighed down by sorrow and anxiety, left the side of that humble death-bed—left her to the husband whose voice she would never respond to more on this side of the dark river—and went his way, determined, if possible, for Alma's sake, to explain to Lord Nortonshall how the accidental meeting had come about.

Meanwhile, the peer had arrived at the inn with his wife on his arm, with whom he had never exchanged a word since they quitted the cottage.

In the hall they were met by Mrs. Eversfield, eager to read in their faces what had happened. Her niece would have sprung to her side, but his lordship interposed.

"Not to-night, my lady," he said, with the most profound politeness. "You have a long journey before you, and will require some repose before you start."

He led her to the room prepared for her, still with the same chilling silence, looked around to see that everything was in order, and left the apartment; but he spoke a few words before he went.

"I should recommend you to eat and sleep," he said. "Your journey will commence early, and you will need all your strength."

He shut and locked the door, and made his way to Mrs. Eversfield's sitting-room.

"I am sorry to intrude upon a lady," he remarked, "but there does not seem another room ready. Will you excuse my ringing for pen and ink, and allow me to suggest that you retire to rest. You look tired."

"But Alma—"

"Oh! do not alarm yourself on her account. She is quite safe, and as comfortable as the inn people can make her."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Only send off a couple of telegrams, the contents of which you are quite welcome to see if you are curious."

"Thank you, I do not wish to see them."

"If you prefer my company, my dear madam," he said, ironically, "I am entirely at your service after I have dispatched them, though you look too much fatigued for conversation. But you will have to excuse me when Mr. Vavasour comes to claim me."

"Mr. Vavasour!"

"Yes."

She laid her hand imploringly on his arm.

"Oh, Lord Nortonshall! what does this mean? You are not going to quarrel with him?"

"No, madam!" he replied, with a sardonic smile; "I'm only going to kill him!"

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 2.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The heads of Captain Jack and Schonchin are to be preserved in the Army Medical Museum.

☞ Albert Daly, of Springfield, Ill., committed suicide lately, rather than break his promise made to his dying wife, five years ago, that he would not marry again. He was enamored of a young lady.

☞ James Parker, an elderly gentleman of Fond du Lac Co., Wis., sat down to the breakfast-table, said grace, and closed his eyes in death without a spasm of pain.

☞ A lady with five children, just arrived from Germany, reached Williamsport, Pa., a few days ago to join her husband. She was startled to hear that he had died last winter.

☞ An Italian father and daughter are fighting in the courts at St. Louis over $10 000, the proceeds of twenty years of street begging in the large American cities.

☞ Captain Hall, of the Polaris, left a sealed package, with directions that it is not to be opened during the lifetime of Lady Franklin. It is supposed to contain some terrible revelations of suffering and dire exigency experienced by the members of the Franklin expedition.

☞ A demonstrative maiden in Skowhegan, Me., recently kicked a persistent suitor down-stairs with such violence that his life was despaired of.

☞ The Huntingdon Journal relates that recently a couple of hands on a wood train prepared their dinner upon a chopping. Among other luxuries, they made themselves a cup of coffee. However, while drinking the coffee, they thought it had a queer taste, and immediately after they were seized with violent vomiting. They determined to examine their teapot, and in the bottom of it they found a copperhead snake.

☞ San Francisco—or rather the atmosphere above it—was the scene of a balloon wedding lately. Professor Lay, an aeronaut, was the groom. The name of the bride is not given. A brave justice of the peace accompanied the pair above the clouds, and tied the marital knot.

☞ A Memphis paper states that during a fire in that city the other day, a woman carried a barrel of flour down-stairs without bursting a hoop. In ordinary times it exhausts her to strike her husband twice with the poker.

☞ Mr. Thomas, aged ninety-one, who died in Vermont some time ago, said that he'd worried more over buttonless shirts than all his business affairs put together.

☞ A Connecticut genius is said to have found his way to Paris, with a patent ready-made billy and bullet-proof, self-erecting street barricade, thrown up in two minutes by the most unmilitary reformer, and, by touching a spring, will fly any flag—Bourbon, Orleans, red or tricolor—and play tunes all the way from Marseilles to Syria.

☞ The creditors of an absconded banker found, on opening his safe, that the only thing he had laid up for a rainy day, was an umbrella.

☞ A man in Springfield, Mass., named Graham, fell heir to an estate in England and received an instalment of $1400, whereupon he spent it all in drink, and died from debauch. A fortune is not always a blessing.

☞ A few days ago, a boy watching a sportsman shooting ducks on the Conemaugh river, was struck by a ball, which glanced from the water and penetrated his leg to the depth of an inch.

☞ A Connecticut Cinderella tried to kill herself last week because her sister's wardrobe was more fashionable than her own.

☞ A love story with a tragic ending comes from San Francisco, where one of the parties concerned, a policeman named Burque, recently committed suicide. He is said to have been a man of some ability and had a rich sister in Russia—a nobleman's wife—who had sent for him to go there, but he was in love with a San Francisco girl and would not leave her. Her parents refused consent to the marriage and he settled the matter by killing himself.

☞ Suicides as the result of financial troubles are multiplying, which shows how near many men are to the verge of insanity or desperation at all times, and how little pressure is required to topple them over into ruin. Men should be made of stronger stuff.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CHILES' TONIC BITTERS

Is a perfect Renewer of Strength and will effectually cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Female Weakness, Whites, etc., and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels, when everything else has failed. Very pleasant to the taste, and speedy in its effect.

Price, $1: six bottles $5. Sent to any part of United States, securely packed, by express, on receipt of price. My Treatise on Chronic Diseases, free. Address

DR. EDWARD CHILES, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Sold by all Druggists.

nov8-13t

WINTER RESORT.

HIGHLAND PARK HOTEL, AIKEN, S. C.

Aiken has long been famous for its delightful climate, and is a favorite resort for those who seek to escape from the inclement winters of the North without experiencing the tropical heat of Florida and the Gulf. The HIGHLAND PARK HOTEL was established for the accommodation of this rapidly-increasing class of visitors. It is conducted after the manner of the best Northern Hotels, and has already achieved a gratifying success. For terms, etc., apply to B. F. CHAFFIELD, Proprietor, AIKEN, S. C. Also proprietor of Planters' Hotel, Augusta, Ga. no'5-4t

SKIN DISEASES.

I will send (free) recipe for my VEGETABLE BALM, removing *Pimples, Black Worms, Blotches, Freckles, Moth and Tan*, leaving the skin clear, and with a healthy glow. Also, sure process for the growth of HAIR on bald heads or smooth faces. B. PRATT, Chemist, 42 Pine St., N. Y. P. O. box 5,128. (Send stamp.) nov15-3t

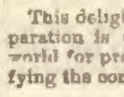
HUNTERS and TRAPPERS Illustrated Practical Guide to use and care of arms and ammunition; making and using traps, snares and nets; baits and baiting; poisons; bird-lime; preserving, stretching, dressing, tanning and dyeing skins and furs; fishing, &c. With fifty engravings. 25 cents. Taxidermist's Manual, 50c. Of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y. nov15-1t

"SECRET OF SUCCESS IN WALL ST." 32 pages. Bulls, Bears. Profits on "puts and calls," costing $10 to $100. Mailed for stamp by VALENTINE TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 20 Wall St., N. Y. nov15-12t

CURL YOUR HAIR. A new Scientific Discovery. It can be done in five minutes. Particulars free. Address SOUTHWESTERN AGENCY, Carthage, Mo. nov15-4t

Catarrh and Consumption.

PROF. W. PAINE, 129 North NINTH Street, between Race and Vine, Philadelphia, Pa., has devoted thirty years to the nature and treatment of the above diseases; and treats all diseases of the Lungs, Stomach and Liver with better success than any other physician now living. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and Wednesday evening. All advice by letter *free*. nov16-6t



CALL and examine CONTINUOUS PORCELAIN TEETH. One piece cannot be detected. No scams. Sets $180. Teeth inserted in all styles of plates known to the profession. DR. BARNETT, No. 1126 Vine St., Philadelphia. nov16-4t

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.—Published as a warning and for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c. By one who has cured himself. Supplying the means of self-cure, and sent free of charge. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Box 103, Brooklyn, N. Y. nov8-8

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. nov1-13t

KRIST, KURIOUS AND KURIOUS, is the valuable book we give to all. Full of facts, figures and fun. 64 pages. 50 Pictures. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKE & CO., 746 Broadway, N. Y. oct8 13t

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 RIDGE AVENUE. WILSON & MILLER, jy12-26t Philadelphia, Pa.

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep

GUARANTEED BY USING MY

Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST, mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY: The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J. sep6-12t

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York. oct18-26t

FOR MARKING CLOTHING.

Lottie Lane

A Stencil Plate, 1 Ink and Brush, post-paid for 50 cts. Umbrella Plate, with name and address, ready to attach, 35 cts. Circulars free. J. F. MARSH, S. E. cor. SECOND and DOCK, Philada, Pa. oct8-13t

Agents wanted for our SUPERB NEW BOOK—the

BRIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK.

An Illustrated Library of Information pertaining to the Grand and Beautiful of the Metropolitan City. By Rev. J. F. Richmond, five years City Missionary. Seventh Edition, revised, nearly 250 Engravings. Price, $1 50.

W. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. ho5-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HOME LIFE IN THE BIBLE

By DANIEL MARCH, D.D.

This work touches how men lived in Bible times and how to live in all times. "It pleases, profits, pays." "It is precious as gems." "It glows with living light on every page." The style is full and flowing, clear and sparkling. Agents sold of the author's former works, "Night Scenes," and "Our Father's House," nearly 100,000 copies each. They should now canvass the same territory for "Home Life," his latest and best work. Employment for Young Men, Ladies, Teachers and Clergymen in every county. Send for Circular and secure first choice of territory.

ZIEGLER & M'CURDY, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; or Chicago, Ill. oct25-8t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON.

The spiciest and best selling book ever published. It tells all about the great *Credit Mobilier Scandal*, Senatorial Briberies, Congressional Rings, Lobbies, and the wonderful Sights of the National Capital. It sells quick. Send for specimen pages, and see our very liberal terms to Agents and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. nov1-1f

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 367 Broadway, New York. oct25-4t

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

AGENTS WANTED.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

DOMESTIC SEWING-MACHINE CO., NEW YORK. oct4-13t

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted, to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. No capital required. Catalogue, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P.O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. sep20-13t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. aug30-26t

$250 A MONTH can be made selling our new Novelties. More Agents wanted. For terms and circulars, address with stamp, *Pittsburgh Supply Co.*, Pittsburgh, Pa. jy25-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address D. FOX & CO., 302 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND. A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child, with a preparation of CANNABIS INDICA. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of 2 stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not di-ssipate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Insertion of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper. se27-12t

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

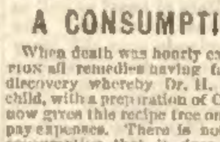
THIS compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they disarrange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANCE.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED

Florida Water,

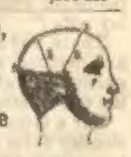
The richest, most lasting, yet most delicate of all perfumes, for use on the

HANDKERCHIEF, At the TOILET, And in the BATH.

As there are imitations and counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water which has on the bottle, on the label, and on the pamphlet, the names of MURRAY & LANMAN, without which none is genuine.

For sale by all Perfumers, Druggists and dealers in Fancy Goods. jy14-26t

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, Premier Artiste IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to nape.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov8-cowly

Reaping: Up, Brother, and Act.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Up, brother, and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!
Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;
Learn from Nature the splendor of action;
Plough, harrow and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
Faithful deed brings divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain;
The blackbird is piping within the deep elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping;
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To Spring come the budding; to Summer the blush;
To Autumn the happy fruition;
To Winter repose, meditation and hush;
But to man every season's condition.
He buds, blooms and ripens, in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor and sleeper;
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a reaper.

MURIEL'S HALLOWE'EN.

BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

"No, I will *never* marry a poor man!" Muriel Penrose said energetically.

"But, Muriel," Charles Houth began pleadingly; she interrupted him wilfully; "when I marry, my husband must be rich—I'm tired of this continual and unsuccessful effort to make both ends meet. You see I know all about it; I am, well, perhaps not poor, but at least one of the shabby genteel!"

She wound up with a scornful laugh, and then leaned listlessly against the piano, not avoiding his eye, but meeting it with a little more bravado than was natural.

"You are jesting, Muriel; you cannot mean what you say."

"Excuse me, I *do*. I tell you I am tired of being poor—tired of trying to keep up appearances! If one could be honestly poor—a rag-picker or an organ-grinder—it wouldn't be half so bad, for I *detest* shams!" He stood before her calmly, but with the face of one who was battling with some great calamity. She began again—"Can you imagine *me* a minister's wife? Ask all the pious old ladies what they think of Muriel Penrose, and you will hear that I am worldly-minded, and going rapidly down the broad way that leads, *etcetra!* Ask the young ones, and you will learn that I do what is the most awful crime in a woman's eyes (when any one but herself does it), that I flirt!"

"Who has dared to speak against you?" he said hotly, the passion of the moment lighting up his usually grave and reserved face.

"There, don't excite yourself! They are not libels; I plead guilty; you see that I have your welfare at heart as well as my own, when I refuse your offer!" She ran her fingers carelessly over the ivory keys of the piano, and as the sound died away turned impatiently from him, while he stood trying to understand it all. Three years before he had been called to Rivertown; it was a poor call, looking at it from a pecuniary point of view; but he was young, enthusiastic, and his whole heart was in his work. Like most young people he looked at things through a magnifying lens, and there was as much poetic ardor as common sense in his zeal; he looked upon his life as dedicated to the church, and was an advocate for the celibacy of priests, until Muriel and her beauty crossed his path some few months back. Then came a long, and if you will a foolish struggle between his doctrines and his love—a struggle not without its pathos, for even if he *was* only struggling to climb an ant-hill, that an older man would have stepped over, his sincerity made it pathetic, almost dignified.

Of course he had felt that she was not perfect, but I question if a perfect woman (that is a woman as near perfection as is consistent with human nature) ever yet found a lover! She *had* faults certainly, but he told himself with that delightful sophistry that makes the impossible seem possible, "if she loves me, the rest will come all in good time!"

So he had reasoned; but Muriel, alas! she was even farther off from perfection than he had thought, and yet he could not love her less; perhaps it was only an innate spirit of philanthropy that made her seem dearer to him than ever as he turned for one last look. She was standing near a distant window half-concealed by the scarlet curtains; as he spoke she turned toward him.

"Good-bye, Muriel;" that was all, but she shrank back trembling beneath his stern, upbraiding look; then she heard his tread upon the gravel, and presently the gate latch clicked sharply; she left the window with an impatient exclamation just as a woman some years her senior, came in. She and Jean Hamilton had been schoolmates, and it was as Mrs. Hamilton's guest that she had come to Rivertown.

"Come, Muriel, the carriage is ready; but where is Mr. Houth?"

"He left a few minutes ago;" the question and answer followed each other rapidly.

"Do you mean to say—" Mrs. Hamilton came to an indignant stop.

"I mean to say only what I *have* said—he is gone," the girl said, pettishly. Giving her guest a keen look Jean led the way to the carriage, and a little later they were in the midst of a gay Hallowe'en party.

Toward the close of the evening Muriel stood on the piazza alone with Conrad Earle; she had been laughing and dancing all the evening, and now leaned rather wearily against the stone railing; her white dress fell in long, graceful folds around her, and her brown eyes, red lips, and gold-brown hair made a picture so charming, that Mr. Earle astonished himself by suddenly asking a question he had long pondered over: "Miss Muriel, will you be my wife?"

There was no sentiment in the tone; he had decided to marry, and as he had no particular fault to find with her, she was the one selected to bear his name.

For a minute Muriel straightened up her slender form and shrank back from him, but only for a minute, his keen, black eyes bent full on her face restored her composure and made her reflect. He was rich, and she uncomfortably poor—he had not asked for love. Then she said, steadying herself against the railing as she spoke:

"Yes, I will be your wife."

Then and there it was settled.

She told Jean what had passed between them as soon as they reached home. "And Charles Houth?" Mrs. Hamilton questioned meaningly.

For one brief instant Muriel's cheeks glowed crimson and her eyes sank; the next she said coolly: "I fail to see how Mr. Houth comes into the present discussion."

"You see perfectly well! Muriel, do you love this man you've promised to marry?"

"Love him! *No!*" She sprang to her feet, indignantly.

"Do you know what love is?"

This time the answer came faintly, "Yes." And again her cheek crimsoned.

"Then if you know what love is and can deliberately marry this man, you are crazy! or worse, *unwomanly!*" Jean said, hotly.

"No, I am not crazy; if it is unwomanly to be guided by one's common sense, then I plead guilty of the charge. Good-night," and nodding *nonchalantly* she went into her own room. Standing by her dressing-table she thought, "He is rich—how rejoiced poor, old Aunt Thursa will be! Ever since I can remember I have heard nothing from her but, 'you have beauty, my dear—you must marry a rich man!'" Then her thoughts wandered back to Conrad Earle; he, like herself, was a stranger in the village. He was known to be wealthy, (people said he had speculated) and was received in the best society—that was all she knew of her future husband.

Very few people can live uninfluenced by their surroundings, and Muriel was not one of the few. Miss Penrose's continual harping on the same string had woke a responsive chord in the girl's breast, but that night, though she called to mind all the spinster's sage advice, and tried to feel triumphant at the successful fulfilment of her destiny, it was a dreary failure, and she crept into bed with a yawn and a muttered, "What wretches poor girls get to be! If Heaven would send us all riches how easy it would be to do right!"

The next event in Rivertown was Muriel's marriage. A grand affair after the usual stereotyped plan, and just like all other weddings, except, perhaps, the bride was a trifle colder and more unconcerned than brides usually are, and the groom looked more than a trifle bored. Then came that melancholy institution—the wedding breakfast—instituted, one is tempted to believe, as a penance for the couple who have committed the crime of marrying, and as a warning to those who are tempted to do likewise! Of course there was the usual would-be-witty-if-I-could toast, to which Conrad Earle returned a monosyllabic speech of thanks. Then all was over, and the next train carried Muriel and her husband from Rivertown.

Muriel wrote now and then to Jean, and after a year or two news came that Conrad Earle had made a bad speculation. After that her letters bore foreign post-marks. At first they were lively, piquant letters, just as any careless girl might write, but by and by the tone changed; they were brilliant and amusing, but there was an undertone of recklessness and bitterness, though she made no complaint, or never even hinted at unhappiness; her husband she never mentioned; he was completely ignored—in her letters at least.

Six years passed, and then one bright spring afternoon a woman clothed in the deepest black sat in Jean Hamilton's cosey parlor; she was tall, but every line and curve expressed grace; her face was worn and restless, but painfully beautiful, its very defects heightening this effect; the pale cheeks looked like marble in contrast to her crimson lips, and the wasted contour of her face only made the size and brilliancy of her eyes more striking.

She rose as Mrs. Hamilton entered—then there was a cry of "Muriel!" and "Jean!" as they kissed each other, not perhaps as they would have kissed six years before, for six years' absence weakens even the strongest affection. Whether Muriel Earle felt the change it would have been hard to tell; she began abruptly:

"Jean, you want a governess for your children, I hear. I have come to ask for the situation. I am once more at the bottom of the ladder, you see! But to come back to the point—I know I am able to take charge of them, for four years I had ample opportunity to cultivate my linguistic talent at Paris, Baden-Baden, and almost every Spa on the continent!" She laughed mockingly. "My other qualifications you already know." And so it came to pass that Muriel came back to Rivertown to earn her bread.

Before she left her alone in the room set apart for her, Mrs. Hamilton touched her black dress, saying:

"He is dead, then? You are in mourning for him?"

"Yes, he is dead. No, I am not in mourning for *him*, but for my past sins and folly," Muriel said, drawing her lovely mouth into a scornful bow.

Jean's eyes fell on the group of children that played in the garden, and on the woman who stood worn and pale in the middle of the pretty, comfortable room, and then speaking the thought that was in her heart, she was cruel as only a prosperous, contented woman can be:

"But, after all, you chose your own path. If your life is marred there is no one to blame but yourself, Muriel."

The old Muriel would have defended herself, even if only by sophistry, but the woman who heard Jean's reproach only said wearily:

"I know it; but, Jean, does that make it any the easier to bear?"

After that day she was installed in her new position, and the next Sunday she saw Charles Houth. When the white-robed priest took his place at the lectern, she shaded her eyes with her hand. The hour of her humiliation had come, she felt, as she watched his earnest, calm face. He had forgotten the old love—he had forgotten *her*. And as she thought this, her head sank lower upon her breast, but was almost instantly raised disdainfully, with a kind of stoical composure that was sorely tried the next instant, for Charles Houth's eyes, perhaps drawn by her intent gaze, were raised from the book and fell for the first time upon her.

There was a hardly perceptible pause in the reading, and his hands clenched themselves in the folds of his robe—but that was all, and Muriel's hope died out.

They met often after that, but their intercourse was restricted to the mere exchange of civilities; and so the days passed by, and Muriel's face grew thinner and her eyes more brilliant and restless, but who was there to notice it? The children gave her their fickle, exacting love, but there was no one to whom she was first and best loved of all. The feast of All-Souls drew near, and on Hallowe'en Mrs. Hamilton's house was filled with people who had gathered to celebrate the night. Muriel's brain fairly throbbed with painful thoughts, but the children gave her little time to think. She was not a good woman, even her suffering had failed to make her that; but when children love and cling to a woman, we may be sure she is not wholly bad.

She was in great request among them that night—and when the fun was at its height, nothing would suit them but that Mrs. Earle should take a tiny mirror and walk down the avenue of oaks, repeating the old distich that was supposed to have the power of bringing oneself and one's "fate" face to face.

Muriel started out obediently, and left a small but excited group standing on the portico filled with admiration for her daring. Half dazed by old memories, she walked on forgetting her errand entirely—was it only seven years ago, that night which had colored her whole life?

Only seven years ago, and yet she felt old and weary. Other women had done wrong—but had they been as cruelly and unrelentlessly punished as she, Muriel Earle, had been punished? So she thought as she stood still in the cool night air.

Behind her stood the house blazing with light and ringing with laughter; but she and her sorrow were in a world apart—a dim, still world where the moonlight forced its way between the rustling leaves, and cast on the gravel, long, oddly-formed and grotesque shadows, waving restlessly to and fro until there seemed to stretch out at her feet a silhouette of Dante's *Purgatorio*, where the condemned souls are beaten to and fro by the wind, and through all eternity never suffered to rest.

She stood there thinking so intently that she never heard a man's footsteps coming toward her until he repeated her name in surprise, and then questioned, wonderingly, what she did there.

"The children sent me out to try my fortune. I am going in now. Are you going into the house? Mrs. Hamilton looked for you before," she said, and her voice sounded strangely in her own ears—she seemed to have lost all identity with herself.

"Trying your fortune!" he repeated, with an under-current of emotion so deep and passionate in his voice, that she raised her eyes to his face, as she said, wearily—

"It was only to please the children, *my* fortune was told years and years ago."

And then these two people, who had been playing that most patience-trying game—cross-purposes—looked into each other's eyes; then she was folded in his arms, and his voice rang out passionately—

"Muriel—poor little Muriel!"

And what remains there to say? Shall we add, that Muriel Earle was more mercifully dealt with than she deserved?—that she was unworthy of the man who loved her?—that she was rewarded when she should have been punished? Granted this is all correct, what then? My friend, all the truisms in the world cannot alter life; and every day we see the good go unrecompensed, while the wicked are rewarded; but then—"Virtue is its own reward"—well, perhaps it is; let us hope the virtuous find it sufficient!

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MADGE.—"What *ars* you looking so sorry about, Arthur?"
ARTHUR.—"*Multiplication!*"
MADGE.—"Oh, *I* know all about *Multiplication!*"
ARTHUR.—"*Do* you? What's *twice ten*, then?"
MADGE.—"Oh, *twenty-one*, of course!"
ARTHUR.—"No, it's not! It's only *twenty!*"
MADGE.—"Ah, but everything's *ris*, you know!"

Signing His Own Death-Warrant.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The court-martial had adjourned, and Ramon Vasquez was condemned to be shot, at daybreak the next morning.

The prisoner's offence was a heinous one. A Mexican by birth and education, he had nevertheless joined the army of Bazaine, and fought the soldiers of the Republic. His capture caused much rejoicing among the Mexicans, and his trial and conviction occupied only a couple of hours. There is very little of the proverbial "law's delay" about a court-martial.

General Riveira was alone in his tent. His countenance wore a sad look, and, as he walked restlessly to and fro, he glanced occasionally at a paper lying on the table. It was the death-warrant of Ramon Vasquez!

"I must sign it," muttered the general. "But there was something in the prisoner's appearance that affected me strangely. I am not generally faint-hearted in such matters, but I would give a handsome sum if the young traitor could only escape."

The soldier on guard at the door peeped in.

"A lady, general. She says her business is important."

"Admit her," said the general, continuing his walk as before.

"General Riveira—Antonio!" cried a silvery voice.

"Saints above!" exclaimed the general, as he turned and beheld a lady closely veiled, and of almost regal mien and stature. "Speak to me again! Surely I know you?"

The strange visitor removed her veil.

"So you have not forgotten Rita Montijo?" she said, with a strange smile, in which joy and doubt were blended.

"Forgotten!" exclaimed Riveira. "Rita, I could not forget. Your father drove me from my native Mexico, and made me a homeless wanderer, but there has not been a day, during all these twenty sorrow-laden years, that I have not thought of you. I heard of your marriage, and although your husband was my enemy, I forgave you and blessed you."

"My husband your enemy!" cried the lady.

"Yes. Was not Morales my enemy? Was he not the man who inflamed your father, and induced him to persecute me with his powerful political influence?"

"True," was the reply; "but I did not marry Morales. When I heard of your death I yielded to my father's wishes, and wedded Señor Vasquez. I did not love him, but he won my respect."

"I see it all now," groaned the general; "it was a part of the plot—the fiction of my death, and the story of your marriage to Morales. This should exonerate us—each to the other."

"Antonio," said Señora Vasquez, "I did not come here to tear open old wounds. I came to ask a great favor."

The general glanced at her sombre garments.

"You are free now, Rita?" he queried anxiously.

"Yes, General Riveira. I am a widow and a mother. Ramon Vasquez is my son!"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the general. "Your son is to die to-morrow!"

"I know it," replied the grief-stricken mother; "but I ask you to save him. Antonio, you *cannot* refuse me."

"Rita, it is impossible."

"Would you have said *that* word to me twenty years ago?"

"Rita, you torture me!"

"No, Antonio, you do not love me. If Ramon dies, it will kill me."

Riveira could not restrain the cry of anguish that struggled for utterance. Gazing earnestly into the face of the woman he loved, he said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you love me, Rita?"

"More than ever," was the answer. "But my son! Oh, my poor boy! Antonio, if you only knew—he has been all that made my life endurable. And he is so true, so noble. Oh, for his mother's sake, save him—save him at any cost!"

Riveira could resist no longer. But his face was of an unearthly pallor.

"Rita," he said, in an unnatural tone, "you have conquered. For this once I will forget my duty—my allegiance to the Republic—and obey you."

Señora Vasquez could not suppress a joyful exclamation. She threw her arms around the neck of her stately lover, and gave him a passionate kiss.

The general gently withdrew himself.

"There is no time to be lost," he said, hurriedly. "You must leave the camp at once, go across the Rio Grande, and wait at Sanchez's ranche for Ramon. He will follow you to-morrow."

"And you, Antonio?"

"Never mind me," was the answer. "Remember, I am a soldier—you may never see me again."

"But you will come to me?"

"If I live. But you must go now. Time is precious, and I must arrange for Ramon's escape."

One close embrace, and Señora Vasquez left the tent. She passed the sentinels, rejoined her attendant, a trusty Mexican ranchero, and, favored by the fast-coming darkness, was soon following the route indicated by her lover.

Riveira's eyes fell upon the death-warrant as soon as his visitor had departed. His demeanor was calm, now that the struggle was over, and, seizing a pen, he affixed his signature to the fatal instrument without a tremor. He was not a moment too soon. An officer came for the warrant before the ink was dry.

"Is Vasquez under your charge?" carelessly inquired the general.

"Yes, general. He is safely locked up in the guard-room."

"Is he at all communicative?"

"No, general. A stubborn dog of a traitor. He does not appreciate our kindness."

"I will visit him during the night," said Riveira. "Perhaps he will answer me a few questions."

The officer merely shook his head doubtfully, and retired.

General Riveira resumed his favorite walk within the circumscribed limits of his tent. His memory was busy with the past. He thought of the lovely Rita of twenty years ago, and cursed the treachery that had torn her from him. He thought, also, of his present situation. He was now one of Mexico's favorite heroes, and yet, on the morrow, his name would be bandied about, from mouth to mouth, coupled with curses and epithets of contempt. More than once his cheek tingled, but his resolution remained unshaken.

Midnight! If Ramon Vasquez was to be saved, it was time to be stirring. The general threw a cloak around his shoulders and stepped out into the darkness. All was quiet, and a drizzling rain had commenced. Altogether, a favorable night.

"Get up, Ramon Vasquez! Awake—arise! Why, man, you sleep as if you had a life-lease of fifty years, instead of a few hours!"

Ramon rubbed his eyes in utter bewilderment. He was a handsome young fellow—not more than twenty-two—and quite boyish in appearance.

"Who are you? Where am I?" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"Silence!" commanded Riveira. "If you would escape, you must follow my directions. Off with your uniform, and put on mine!"

The two immediately doffed their outer garments, and in five minutes young Ramon was attired in his preserver's clothes, with his face partially concealed by a slouch hat.

"It is fortunate that we both have smooth faces," said the general, "and that we are of the same stature. Now, Señor Vasquez, you must be off at once. Pass rapidly by the guard when he opens the door. He will not suspect the trick. And here is a pass, to be used when you reach the outposts. No one will dare to question it."

Ramon seized the general's hand, and attempted to express his gratitude. But Riveira checked him.

"Thank the Saints and your mother for this," he said in his brusque way. "Go at once to the San Blas ferry, on the Rio Grande; and on the other side, at the ranche, you will find the señora. Tell her how Riveira fulfilled his promise."

He cut off further conversation by rapping loudly at the door and calling to the guard. A sleepy soldier responded to the summons, and recognizing the familiar uniform, let Ramon pass unquestioned. The door was again bolted, and General Riveira was alone in the cell.

Four o'clock in the morning!

It was the hour set for the execution, and dark as it was, in consequence of the rain, the order had to be carried out with military punctuality. A drowsy-looking squad stood within a few yards of the guard-house, all ready for the word of command. The prisoner drew his cap over his face and awaited his fate in sullen silence. The word was given, and General Antonio Riveira fell to the ground a mangled corpse, riddled through and through by the bullets of his comrades and friends!

Ramon Vasquez crossed the Rio Grande in safety and found the señora, who had preceded him by a few hours only. But the mother's joy was destined to be of but short duration. The tidings of Riveira's martyr-like fate came within the next twelve hours, and the Señora Vasquez from that day to this has never uttered a solitary word. Her reason has forever left its throne!

AN AMATEUR SPORTSMAN'S SUCCESS.

BY MARK EDWARDS.

Mr. Theophilus Baker was an amateur sportsman, whose indulgences in that line had hitherto been limited to an occasional expedition to the marshes near his native city to shoot reed birds. These and an individual or two (the latter accidentally and as the result of his too great enthusiasm), were about all Theophilus had ever brought down.

He panted at last for a wider field; reed birds began to appear insignificant—unworthy of the true sportman's pursuit and ammunition.

"Yes, come west," wrote a friend whom he had addressed on the subject of game. "Wild turkeys are often seen, and as for pigeons, prairie hens, &c., there is no end. Come, and I promise you a glorious time."

Theophilus went, taking his handsome fowling-piece, his ornamented game-bag, silver-tipped powder-flask and shot-pouch. His hunting paraphernalia was complete. He imagined his appearance was attractive, and that his presence in the uncultivated west would create a sensation.

He arrived at the cabin-home of his friend in the evening, got a tolerable night's rest and rose early, all impatience for the day's sport. The stories told him the previous night by his somewhat exaggerative host had caused him to indulge in high anticipations of success on the morrow.

"I will slip out," said our friend to himself as he was attiring himself, "and pop over a turkey before breakfast. I will show these folks what I can do. Jim rather intimated that I might shoot a reed bird; but as for a wild turkey, he guessed I would have to eat his game."

Theophilus made a pretence of taking his gun out to fix it a little, and hurried away slyly toward a neighboring wood. He thought it very likely that wild turkies were to be found there. He did not enter the wood—he had no occasion to. To his joy he saw a number of turkies feeding under a chestnut-tree just outside; wild ones, of course—tame fowls could not manage such diet. He raised his piece and blazed away at the largest of the flock. The patriarch fell, and the others, with a wondrous whirr of wings and cries of alarm, flew away. Theophilus triumphantly picked up the fallen bird, and bore it to the house.

"A fine fellow!" he muttered, in a very satisfied way; "weight not less than twenty-five pounds. What will Jim think of me now?"

"What ye got there, 'Op.?" demanded his host, as he approached.

"The finest wild turkey I ever saw. There was—"

"A wild turkey indeed! You've killed Frank Austin's gobbler!"

The face of Theophilus expressed his incredulous surprise.

"I tell you it's so, man. Frank's mad at me now; what will he say when he knows this? He'll charge it on me."

Then the Hoosier laughed boisterously, despite his apprehensions on account of the danger of having his neighbor's wrath excited.

"Haw! haw! haw! 'Op.! I'll drive up my hogs; ye'll be shootin 'em for wolves next."

"You're jesting, Jim," said Theophilus in dismay. "This is a wild turkey, ain't it?"

"Haw! haw! haw!"

"I found him eating chestnuts; a tame fowl wouldn't do that."

"Wild turkies in a flock a hundred yards or so from my house! That's good! You know all about 'em, I see, 'Op."

"Here's the money for your neighbor's gobbler," said our friend, despairingly, perceiving that there was too much genuineness in the other's ridicule to admit of a hope that no mistake had been made. "And—and I think I won't try for game so early again another morning. It was hardly light, you know, Jim, and I couldn't distinguish objects fairly."

"You managed to take his head off fair," laughed the Hoosier. "But come in and get your breakfast, and we'll see if Austin will let you off easy."

Theophilus remained with his friend a day or two only. The story of his shooting the tame turkey for a wild one was soon told in the neighborhood, and it wasn't pleasant for him to meet folks there. A Westerner is apt to be a little rough in his humor.

☞ BEAUTY.—After all, the truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

AUTUMN, (Philad.,) asks: "Would you please give, through your paper, the recipe for preserving autumn leaves?" We have already answered this question to the best of our experience. One important requisite is that the leaves must be gathered before they are too dry, or they cannot be kept. Take a hot iron—not too hot, however—and iron over brown paper placed upon the leaves. This will dry them, and not injure the colors. If they are varnished after they are dried, it will aid greatly in preserving them.

J. H. G., (Placerville, N. Y.,) asks: "1st. Which is the best music school outside of Boston and New York? 2d. Which is the most popular make of organs, and what is the retail price? 3d. What has become of Captain Jack? 4th. What per cent. is my handwriting counting H. Greeley's as No. 1?" 1st. We presume of course you mean in this country. There are good schools of music in Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, but we do not often specify individuals. 2d. The Mason & Hamlin, probably. It has strong rivals, however. The retail price ranges from $55 to $750, according to size, style, capacity and excellence of the instrument. A very elegant organ in a resonant case may be had for $225. 3d. The newspapers have by this time probably informed you that Captain Jack and several others of the Indians concerned in the murder of Gen. Canby were recently executed for the crime by the U. S. authorities. 4th. If you rank Horace Greeley's handwriting at No. 1, what are we to do for a standard? We trust there would be no No. 2. Yours, judged by itself, is fair.

J. R., (Philada.,) wishes to know if a Freemason can at the same time be a member of the Order of Odd Fellows. We answer yes.

ETTIE LOVEWOOD asks: "1st. Did Eve have any daughters, and if so how many, and what were their names? 2d. Does the Bible say anything about it? If so where can I find it? 3d. Would it be wrong to marry a third cousin if you loved him very dearly and you knew you received as much love in return? 4th. What do you think of my handwriting? Would it do for book-keeping?" 1st. Eve certainly had daughters, else where did the sons of those days find wives? 2d. The Bible is silent on the subject. It does not pretend to give a complete history of individuals, however important as actors in the opening drama of life they may have been, but leaves much to be inferred. 3d. No; even second cousins might marry under such circumstances, though we would not encourage such unions. 4th. It needs improvement. It is very legible, however, and might be regarded as good enough for book-keeping by those not too exacting in that respect.

E. H. S., (Chestnut Hill,) writes: "1st. Please tell me from whence this comes—'*Parcum parva decent?*" 2d. Who is the author of this couplet?

'Know then this truth (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.'"

1st. It is a Latin phrase, meaning "Little things befit a little man." 2d. This couplet is from Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

DOLLY L., writes: "1st. I am a young lady of twenty years of age, and have been going with a young man occasionally for two years, sometimes corresponding with him. Then, at his request, we would drop our correspondence—which, however, he would renew again. Sometimes I would give up all hope of ever seeing or hearing from him again. He wrote once, stating that the reason he closed our correspondence, was, that the girl he was going with where he now lives, (about two hundred miles from me,) did not want him to write to any other young lady; that she thought more of him than ever I did—and that if he were to leave her it would kill her, &c. He visited me a short time since, and was very sociable, but did not act as he used to when he used to say he loved me. He has not said he loved me this visit—but I love him, and told him so, and for the first time. He does not return it, he says, and dare not go with any other young lady now. So please tell me what to say to him in regard to the matter. Shall I keep his company or not? 2d. What of my handwriting?" 1st. It seems plain enough to us, that the "other young lady" is destined to become the young man's wife. He respects and likes you, but loves her. Would you marry a man under such circumstances? His vacillation is not particularly to be commended, but not unnatural. Do not break your heart over him. Forget him, or think of him only as a friend. 2d. Your handwriting needs cultivation. It has in it the elements of a good hand.

CASPAR, (Mine Hill, N. J.,) desires to know which is the most painless (or least painful) form of death. We hope he is not meditating suicide. Drowning is said by some to be unattended with much suffering. Hanging also, when made "successful."

A. N. G., (Madison, Kan.,) asks: "1st. Are tomatoes, strictly speaking, a fruit or a vegetable? 2d. Is not a peanut a vegetable as much as a bean? 3d. Why are some vowels joined together, as *ea* in Phœnix, what are they called, and which is generally sounded? 4th. Why is unbolted wheat flour called Graham flour? 5th. How is the last syllable of Illinois pronounced? 6th. Please explain the terms blonde and brunette. 7th. Do snakes have legs?" 1st. The tomato, strictly speaking, is a fruit? 2d. The peanut and the bean are both leguminous plants, and therefore, botanically considered, are to be classified together; but popularly according to their earliest recognized qualities. So the peanut, having none of the qualities of a vegetable, which term in a limited sense applies to such products of plants as are used only for culinary purposes, is not to be regarded as such, while the bean is. 3d. The union of two vowels in one syllable is called a diphthong. *Æ* is always pronounced like *e* in Latin: *œ* is retained in very few words used in English, and generally has the sound of long *e*. To answer your first question in this division last, we would say that we do not know *why* in English words *e* and *œ* should be used, as they are of difficult formation and of no use. 4th. After Sylvester Graham, a famous advocate of its use. 5th. Illinois. 6th. Blonde is from the French, and is applied to persons of very fair complexion, with light hair and light-blue eyes. Brunette is also French, from *brun*, and is applied to women of a brown or dark complexion. You will observe that the former term may be used descriptively in speaking of both sexes; the latter of women only. 7th. No.

A. J. B., (Meredith, Del. Co., N. Y.,) writes: "1st. If a gentleman is going to see a lady on a certain evening should meet her riding out with another gentleman, should he go to see her another night or not? 2d. If he should go, should she not give her reasons for not being at home? 3d. If she does not explain should he ask her to?" 1st. Are we to presume that the lady had engaged to receive you on the evening in question? If so, she did you an injustice in going out with another gentleman, but if you value her acquaintance call on her again. 2d. She ought to explain of course. 3d. If she did not offer to, you should ask her, and have the matter settled then and there, and as amicably as possible. Even if you feel yourself a greatly injured individual, do not make a too stern or hasty inquisitor of yourself. There is nothing lost by a little forbearance.

MOLLIE O. H., (Farmer City, Illinois,) writes: "Will corn grow in England? 2d. Can you give me a receipt for making indelible ink? 3d. What is a good remedy for chilblains? 4th. Was the name of Sir Robert Bruce's wife, Isabella? 5th. Does the State of New York border on the Atlantic ocean? 6th. What State produces the most salt? 7th. Which is the greatest fruit-growing State? 8th. Is the word spelled o-f-t-e-n pronounced ot-n or of-ten? I know that Webster pronounces it of-n, but I understand from good authority that the pronunciation has been changed, is this true?" 1st. Corn (maize) will grow in England, but will not ripen to perfection, the climate being too cool and moist. 2d. A good ink for marking is made by dissolving 1 parts of carbonate of soda in 12 of water, and adding 5 parts of gum Arabic, then mixing with this 5 parts of nitrate of silver liquified in 10 of ammonia. The mixture is to be gradually heated to ebullition in a flask, when it becomes very dark, and of the proper consistence. 3d. Take equal parts of hog's lard and beeswax, with a little turpentine. Melt them together, and when cool, a salve is formed which should be applied upon the appearance of the first symptoms of soreness and inflammation. In many cases a speedy cure will be effected by this remedy; in some it will not answer, as it acts as an irritant, but there is no danger in trying it, as the sufferer can soon determine whether it will suit his case, and desist if the result is not good. 4th. It was the name of the wife of his opponent, Edward II., of England. 5th. You must be very ignorant of geography indeed, to ask that question. We hope your ignorance is not affected. New York city and Long Island border on the Atlantic, and are a part of the State. 6th. New York. The salt works at Syracuse are very extensive. 7th. California is best adapted to fruit-growing, but we cannot say if it as yet produces the most. New York is famous for its apple-orchards. 8th. Custom and an overwhelming majority of authorities give of'n or aw'f'n as the pronunciation.

H. S., (St. Paris, Ohio,) says: "Will you kindly say to 'Ralph, of Cambridge, O.,' that if he will send his address, together with a post-office order for ($4) four dollars to the postmistress at St. Paris, Ohio, Mrs. Henrietta Scott, that a handsome and entirely uninjured copy of Gould Brown's Grammar of English Grammars, which cost $6 50 when new, will be sent him, per express, charges paid. The owner, having left school, has no further use for it."

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]